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Ronald Paulson on Alfred Stieglitz • Peppery Claude Pepper

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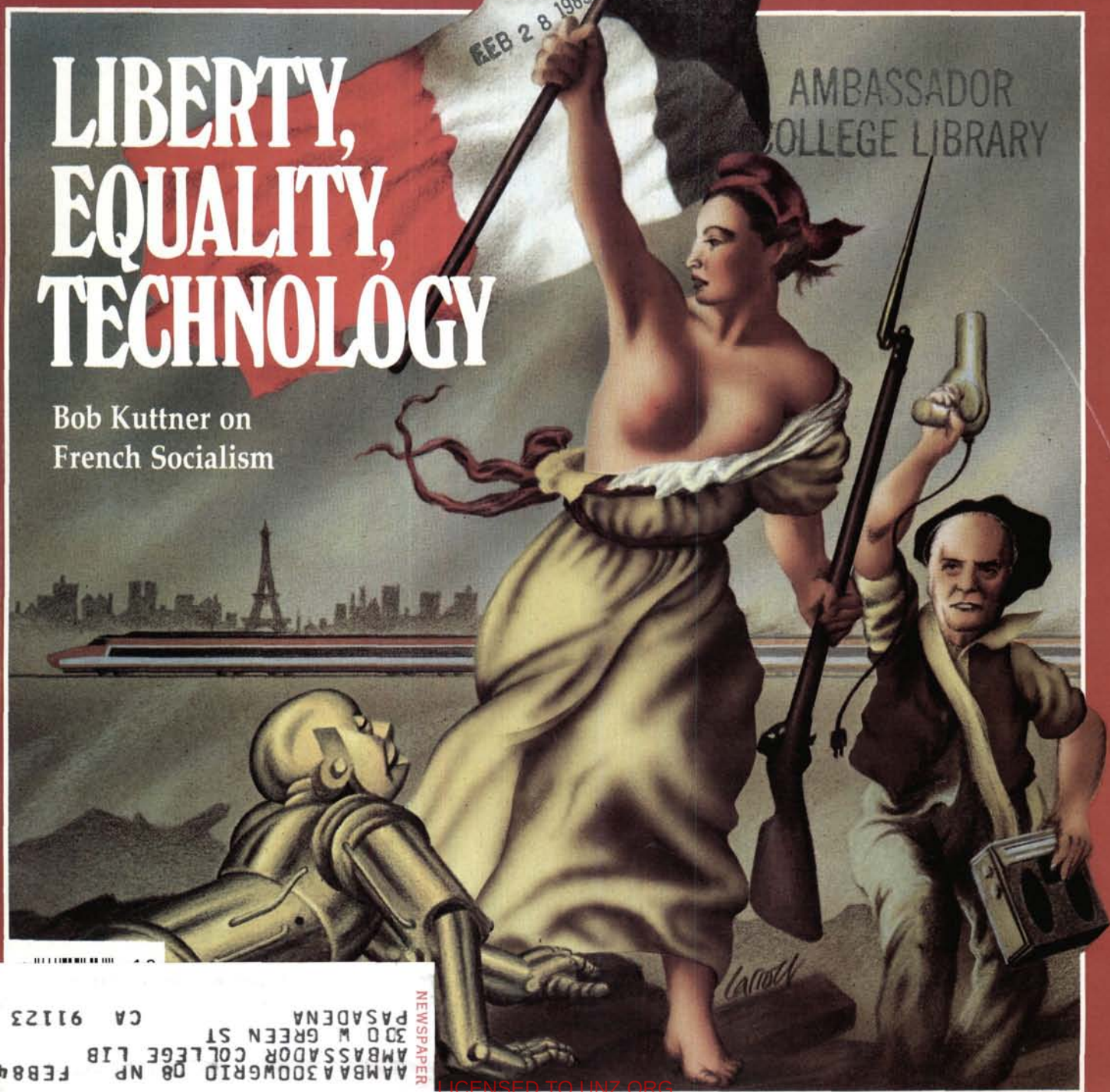

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CORRESPONDENCE

SPEAKING THEIR PEACE

To the editors:

In his interesting and informative article, ("The 'Peace Council' and Peace," TNR, January 31), Ronald Radosh rejects the idea of Communist influences in the American peace movement, yet many specifics cited by him contradict his own position. Thus, for example, we learn that for many apolitical peace activists and ministers "it is enough . . . that the organization has 'peace' in its title and is a proclaimed opponent of Ronald Reagan." In other words, many such activists have no conception of what a front organization is, and could not care less when one is identified as such. We also learn that "The U.S.P.C. [the United States Peace Council] has also obtained a good share of political support from elected black leaders, including State Senator Julian Bond, Representative John Conyers, and Gus Newport, the mayor of Berkeley and a co-chairman of the U.S. Peace Council." We are informed that the U.S.P.C. succeeded in gaining one seat on the executive committee that organized the New York City freeze rally last year, and "four other seats were held by Communists or fellow travelers. . . ." The same committee refused a seat to the Democratic Socialists of America, and, as Radosh also noted, "adopted the mushy logic that all enemies of American militarism are their friends even if these new allies actively support Soviet militarism."

To say, as Radosh does early in the article, that "the vast majority of those who campaigned and voted for freeze resolutions in November have never even heard of the World Peace Council" is surely irrelevant. After all, it is the essence of being manipulated that one does not know when it is happening. Likewise, one does not have to know about the existence of an organization in order to be used by it. (None of this is to suggest that the millions of Americans favoring freeze or other forms of nuclear and nonnuclear disarmament have come to these sentiments through Soviet or Communist persuasion.)

Nonetheless, one may conclude from the article that it is not totally absurd to entertain the possibility that the Soviet Union and its foreign affiliates are hard at work trying to use American (and other Western) peace movements for their political purposes—and, in particular, to promote unilateral Western disarmament—and that they have not encountered major obstacles in this endeavor so far. It may also be concluded that the political naiveté and ignorance of many among the younger generations of peace activists (and especially those Radosh calls "the new breed of fellow travelers") is a significant factor in shaping the character of the peace movement and its usefulness for the Soviet Union. Not only is the concept of front organization foreign for many such idealists, when known it smacks of McCarthyism and is viewed as a device to discredit outspoken critics of the status quo. Today, as at other times in the past, estrangement from American society and its political institutions underlies the inclination to give the benefit of doubt to the Soviet Union and movements supportive of it. Although the Reagan Administration and many of its policies contributed to the intensification of such estrangement (and even to the idea that there is not much in this society worth defending), many of these attitudes predate the Reagan Presidency.

PAUL HOLLANDER
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Since Ronald Radosh cites me as an example of those authors and researchers who, with President Reagan, have exposed the involvement of the Soviet Union with the U.S. peace movement, I wish to respond.

According to Mr. Radosh, when conservatives expose Soviet and Communist manipulation of the peace movement, that is "Red-baiting" and "must be rejected"; but when the left exposes the same facts, that is "anti-Communism, which is a moral and political necessity."

Facts remain facts regardless of who reveals them. The Radosh article provides valuable data on the Soviet penetration and manipulation of the U.S. peace movement via the Soviet-financed Communist Party, U.S.A., and its wholly owned subsidiary, the U.S. Peace Council. Mr. Radosh detailed the U.S.P.C.'s role in the June 12 Rally Committee "that put together the massive New York City freeze rally"; how the Committee was penetrated by "Communists or fellow travelers" using as their cover, among others, trade unions; how they succeeded in barring Socialists who wanted to take part in the work of the Committee; and how, as Radosh wrote, the Communists were able "to tone down the official rally call so that it was not equally addressed to both the United States and the Soviet Union."

Mr. Radosh quotes me as saying, "the Soviet Union is running the current worldwide disarmament campaign through the K.G.B. and . . . the World Peace Council," and that U.S. peace activists are "up to their necks in this efforts." He terms this statement "nonsense." However, hearings released on December 9, 1982, by the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence to which Mr. Radosh briefly refers reinforce my view.

F.B.I. Assistant Director for Intelligence Edward J. O'Malley testified in these hearings, entitled "Soviet Active Measures," that "the World Peace Council has taken a direct hand in organizing and mobilizing the American peace movement." And that "there were Soviet active measures through the World Peace Council and the U.S. Peace Council. . . . *Some KGB officers were directly involved in efforts to influence the U.S. peace movement*" (my emphasis).

Mr. Radosh also wrote that "the vast majority of those who campaigned and voted for freeze resolutions in November had never even heard of the World Peace Council." This is true and a point that I have frequently made; but I add, "The control of a flock of sheep does not require that the sheep be witting; it requires trained sheep dogs and shepherds. Our interest should be focused on who trains (and pays for) the dogs and shepherds." Mr. Radosh and I appear to be agreed on the identity of both the trainers and their dogs! And so it will be interesting to see this summer how many leaders of the U.S. "peace" movement show up in Prague this summer to take part in the W.P.C. Congress, and how many are "elected" as members of the Council.

One can hope that Ronald Radosh's article will motivate his Socialist and liberal friends to emulate the actions of their predecessors of the late 1940s who refused to collaborate with those whose loyalty was to the Soviet dictatorship.

JOHN REES
The Information Digest
Baltimore, Maryland
(continued on page 6)

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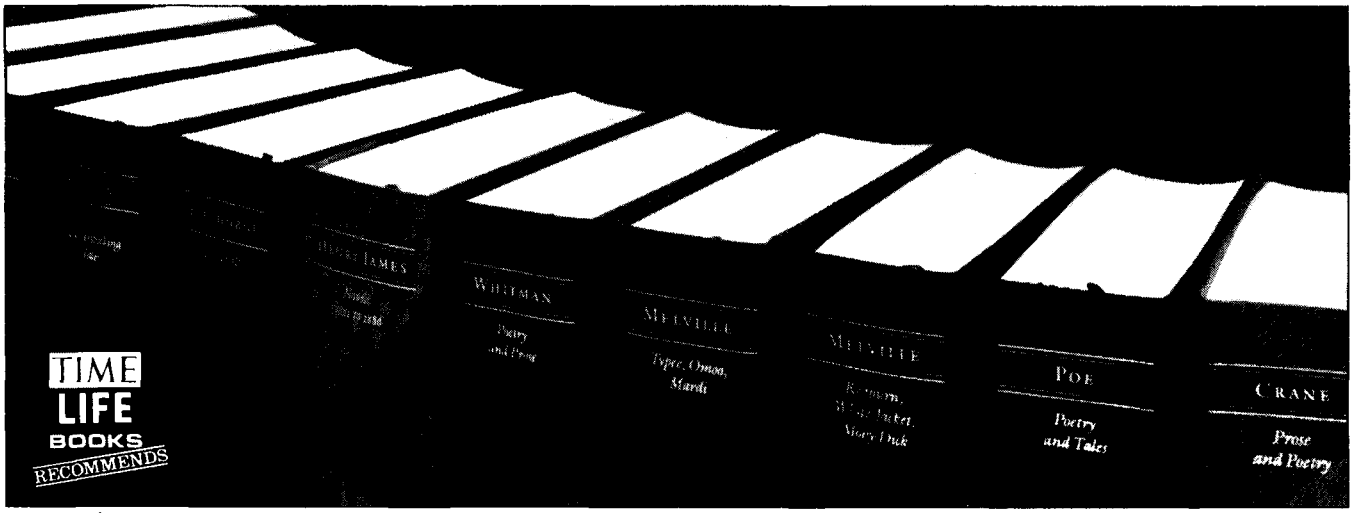

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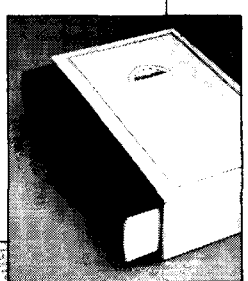

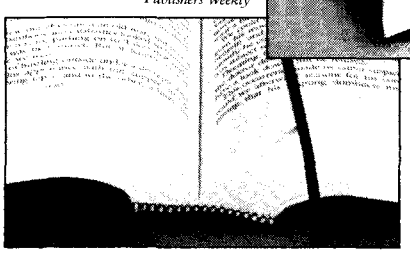

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

To the editors:
An old problem is back. To paraphrase Ronald Radosh, activists in the peace movement are faced, whether they like it or not, with the question of what attitude they should take toward Red-baiting.

In his diatribe, Radosh hails the McCarthy-era response of A.D.A. and others of similar bent to become the best anti-Communists. This, argues Radosh, was their "moral obligation" and is so again for today's peace movement. Unmentioned were the consequences of that position, e.g., Hubert Humphrey's concentration camp amendment to the McCarran Act; scoundrel time in the entertainment industry; the exclusion of Communists and other militant trade unionists from the C.I.O. and A.F.L., the unhappy results of which are still felt today, and so on.

Had we hoped that Radosh would polemicize against the Reagan Administration and its proxies in the media for attempting to smear, isolate, and divide the peace movement, we would have been disappointed. But Radosh has over the years established his credentials as one of those "Socialists" who reserve their venom for Communists and those to their left rather than for the class that misrules their own country and threatens to destroy the world with its policies.

Radosh stakes out territory previously occupied in public print only by William Buckley in his syndicated column, and by *The Wall Street Journal* in its December 20, 1982, editorial calling upon the peace movement to purge itself of Communists. Radosh implies—and in this goes beyond the *Journal*—that in addition to "Communist fronts" like the U.S. Peace Council, "fellow travelers" like the leaders of the two oldest and most important women's peace organizations, the dean of the Congressional Black Caucus, the mayor of Berkeley, California, and such, should also be drummed out. If this enemy plagues the peace movement, which now encompasses millions of our people, doesn't it also infect society as a whole? What to do? A man with Radosh's imagination obviously has his work cut out.

Your writer, on the one hand, considers the Peace Council "obscure" and argues that we "need" Red-baiting attacks to gain "attention and legitimacy"; on the other hand, he provides your readers and us with a few thousand words of such attention. This might appear self-contradictory, but it is nothing for a man who so jealously respects factual information as to refuse to take notes of our conversation, despite a number of requests by me that he do so. His subsequent distortions of what was said are so many as to reveal a mind completely befogged with vitriol. It is simply breathtaking that a writer can, in a few paragraphs: misspell my name, though I'm his leading culprit and he had in hand some of my articles; place me in a leading position which I don't occupy on a body which doesn't exist in a party whose name he also gets incorrectly; even change the date, circumstances, and political direction of the founding of the organization—the U.S. Peace Council—under scrutiny; misquote me in every single instance, save those in which quotes are simply fabricated.

One example among Radosh's many "factoids": he has me claiming "that the U.S.P.C. has played a major role in the nuclear freeze movement," and that "we run it in West Virginia," and saying "falsely, it turns out" that Randall Forsberg traveled to Moscow on a U.S.P.C. delegation. I've never claimed the U.S.P.C. leads the freeze movement in West Virginia or anywhere else. A perusal of my "Open Letter" from which Radosh liberally quotes, any study of our publications, or consultations with any of the thousands of people with whom we work on a regular basis, would reveal no projection of ourselves as leading the freeze movement and, in fact, some modesty regarding those areas in which we have made contributions. This is not to say that local Peace Councils and Peace Council members are not active in the freeze campaign. We are damned by Radosh if we are or are not. Either we are "obscure" and insignificant or we are braggarts trying to seize control. As I told Radosh, we participate in the campaign's national conferences, I personally am on the campaign's international task force, and Peace Council members have been active, sometimes in leading capacities, in local freeze campaigns, such as those in West Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Illinois, and the District of Columbia. I assume that Radosh misquotes or puts words into Forsberg's mouth as well, since he has her refusing to sign a press statement I was forcing on her in Moscow, when I was never in Moscow with her. She went to the U.S.S.R. as part of a delegation—true it turns out—organized by the U.S.P.C., although she and the others went in individual capacities.

As we say in our "Open Letter" which has so raised Radosh's ire: "Those who accept a Manchurian Candidate view of things should really examine those precepts, which, after all is said and done, provide the rationale for the present foreign and military policies against which we struggle."

MICHAEL MYERSON
U.S. Peace Council
New York, New York

To the editors:
Ron Radosh discusses a serious political problem in responsible fashion. But I disagree with some of his conclusions.

Radosh's main point, as I read his article, is that the democratic left has to learn that there are different kinds of anti-Communism. Right-wing anti-Communism denies normal democratic rights to members, supporters, and "fellow travelers" of the Communist Party; left-wing anti-Communism defends full civil liberties for Communists, but refuses to cooperate with them politically. In the mid-1960s, Students for a Democratic Society dropped a nontotalitarian" clause from its membership requirements, feeling that the clause was a symbolic relic of McCarthyism. Irving Howe then wrote, in criticism, "For a political organization to say that it does not wish to admit certain people, such as fascists or Communists, is in no way undemocratic, as long as it grants these people the right to form their own organizations." As a general principle that makes sense, and S.D.S. would have been a lot better off in the long run if it had been able to exclude the Stalinist Progressive Labor Party. In its early years S.D.S. was devoted to creating an indigenous, democratic radicalism; in its last years many of its activists wound up mimicking the language and style of the Progressive Labor Party cadre in a destructive "more-revolutionary-than-thou" competition.

S.D.S would have been better off if it had maintained its exclusionary clause. But S.D.S. was a membership organization. Things get a lot more complicated when one is dealing with a large coalition, like the freeze movement, which is made up of organizations representing a wide variety of political viewpoints. The freeze movement is committed to bilateral nuclear disarmament. Radosh's article suggests that Communists should be excluded because they are only opposed to American nuclear arms, and their continued participation compromises the freeze movement's independence. But

continued on page 40

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Crime's Ammunition

Ronald Reagan is the kind of man who worries about the growth of violent crime in America and supports the National Rifle Association's fight against gun control. There is a good deal of that ambiguity in the country too. It goes back to our essential optimism. Do nothing about a problem and eventually it will go away.

President-elect Reagan, after the shooting of John Lennon in 1980, said he did not think gun control was the answer: "If somebody commits a crime and carries a gun when he's doing it, add five to fifteen years to the prison sentence," he brightly suggested.

Several things now raise the issue again. The anniversary of the attempt on Reagan's own life comes next month. John Hinckley, who was supposed to be deflected from violent crime by the Reagan formula of increasing the penalty, is recovering from his third suicide attempt in the asylum. Meanwhile Senator Kennedy is making a new attempt to get Congress to pass stiffer gun control legislation (opposed as always by the gun lovers in the National Rifle Association). Finally, the American Broadcasting Corporation has rediscovered the Crime-in-America theme (it's been the subject of half a dozen surveys since the Wickersham Commission) and, in a ten-part series, is alerting the country with cries of alarm.

Crime deserves attention. There's too much violence. There is no single feature of American life that more astonishes and shocks Europeans. How can we permit so many murders? How can we allow handguns to be obtained with no more formality than library cards? Does this show that the United States is, after all, less civilized than Russia?

In Great Britain in 1979 there were 55 gun murders; in Canada 52; in Japan 48. In two days there were more murders in the United States than in these countries in a year. There are 170,000 gun dealers here. You fill out a form, you pay a fee, and you are in partnership with death with a "Saturday Night Special" (a cheap, stubby, concealable revolver). You can go out and rob a bank or shoot a President.

Congress thought it was prohibiting import of Saturday Night Specials in 1968, but it wasn't. Europeans were forbidden to send over the assembled guns, but they could send over the parts. Putting them together makes a nice cottage industry. There are 60 million handguns loose in America, many of them "snubbies" (with a barrel length of three inches or less). Each year there are 2.5 million more.

The public doesn't like the flood of handguns and wants to check it, and can't. It is a breakdown, if you want to put it that way, in American democracy. That is worse than the high murder rate. Every poll taken shows the public wants tougher gun control laws. But there is a powerful single-interest lobby working against them, a lobby that makes contributions to members of Congress.

The president of the National Rifle Association is Harlon Carter. Last fall, before a California referendum, he wrote: "In 1980 we helped elect many U.S. Congressmen who believe in less government intrusion into our most basic right of firearms ownership and self-protection. . . ." Carter's lobby is probably a match for the large, unorganized public.

I noticed that ABC's series on "Crime in America" didn't tangle with the National Rifle Association. The first guest panel included Richard Brzeczek, Chicago Superintendent of Police, who under questioning had a good deal to say about the "breakdown of the moral fiber of the community." He didn't get into firearms until George F. Will, one of the interviewers, acerbically insisted upon it. (This reporter called up ABC later on. Were they afraid of the National Rifle Association? I asked. Of course not, they said. I was told that the subject of firearms is old stuff, that they were exploring new angles of violence in America.)

"Superintendent," Will finally broke in to Mr. Brzeczek, "nothing more amazes and appalls foreigners looking at our country than the prevalence of handguns. It's obviously an issue the political system flinches from coming to grips with. If you could poll the members of the Chicago police department, would they favor strict handgun controls?" The cop with the unpronounceable name jumped at the question. "You're right!" he exclaimed. "We are an international disgrace when it comes to firearm violence!"

But the regular ABC crew was intent on another angle. Sam Donaldson asked F.B.I. director William Webster if there is "a lack of moral fiber in this country." Webster thought so, maybe. And Attorney General William French Smith discussed "the balance between the forces of law and the forces of lawlessness." Panelist Will tartly demanded about handguns.

Attorney General Smith: "Well, in terms of—if you are talking about gun control . . ."

Mr. Will (sharply): "That's what I am talking about."

Attorney General Smith: "Needless to say, that's a debate that's been going on for a long, long time, and there are very strong viewpoints on both sides." You can see the embarrassment for an Administration whose chief sympathizes with the N.R.A.

Outside the dogma of the N.R.A., federal commissions, (the Katzenbach, Kerner, Eisenhower, and Scranton reports) for fifty years, without exception, have correlated crime control with gun control. Chief Justice Warren Burger told the American Bar Association in 1981 that America is nearing a point where its "capability of maintaining elementary security on the streets, in schools, and for the homes of our people, is in doubt."

And in a Washington hospital doctors keep John Hinckley alive. He paid a $10 federal fee to buy his gun. He wrote "No" on the form to all the questions inquiring if he were a drug addict, felon, or mental incompetent. He had been arrested at the Nashville airport earlier, trying to pass through the electronic line with three guns; but that caused him only minimal inconvenience. His Saturday Night Special was imported from Germany, and assembled here. It was a six-shot, double-action, 15-ounce revolver using .22-caliber ammunition. He got it at Rocky's Pawn Shop in Dallas, Texas, on October 13, 1980. It cost him $47.50.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 7, 1983

JUDGMENT IN JERUSALEM

History has plastic hours, the historian Gershom Scholem once observed. This is a plastic hour in the history of Israel. The Jewish state has passed a test that few states have ever agreed to take, but it is troubled. It has made itself accountable to a sublime standard of moral and political action, but its society is unsealed. The contradictions that beset this extraordinary country were captured last week by two events that will not soon be forgotten: the Kahan Commission released its report on the complicity of Israel in the massacre at Sabra and Shatila, and Emil Grinzweig was murdered.

The report is a great and grim document. Its greatness consists first in the fact that it exists. In this garrison democracy, where the rights of citizens are as cherished as their lives, the Kahan Commission came almost as a matter of course. Public opinion demanded it. Such things do not come as matter of course, however, in the world of nations. In that mendacious world these fifty-five thousand words of self-scrutiny are a bit of a miracle. Look no further than Lebanon, where the massacre occurred, and might occur again. The perpetrators of the atrocity have answered to nobody, least of all to themselves. The Phalangists rule without remorse, and, if reports of new reprisals against Palestinians in the south may be credited, without pity. (The United States complains of an Israeli "protectorate" in Lebanon, but it is the Palestinians that the Israelis are protecting.) It has fallen to those who were only indirectly responsible to do what those who were directly responsible would not. The courage to face "all the facts and factors," as the order that established the commission put it, was Israel's. The truth about Sabra and Shatila has been given in Hebrew. And the truth about Israel's part in the perfidy, too. Israel has not merely investigated others, which is the most common method of inquiry in international affairs; it has investigated itself. The investigators knew that their conclusions might throw their country into crisis ("We are aware that our findings . . . are liable to be of significant influence from a social and ethical standpoint") and that they would not impress the many who cling to a demonological view of the Jewish state ("We do not deceive ourselves that the results of this inquiry will convince or satisfy those who have prejudices or selective consciences"). But they were not deterred. They have proved the perdurability of Israeli democracy. All of Israel's years of war have not withered its commitment to free criticism. Where else has defense interfered so little with decency? This report is a philosophical and political triumph.

The moral seriousness and intellectual scrupulousness of this text are plain in passages that have not appeared in full in the newspapers. There are a number of prefaces in the document that discuss not the events of last summer but the ideas that governed their investigation. The commissioners begin by considering the objection that "there is no place for further discussion" of the massacre because it was not committed by Israelis. This was the objection made by Ariel Sharon (and, for a brief but bruising time, by Menachem Begin) to the establishment of the commission. The objection is overruled. A distinction is made between direct and indirect responsibility. Those who pulled the triggers, obviously, are directly responsible. But indirect responsibility, too, is a moral malfeasance, and a "breach of duty":

> If it indeed becomes clear that those who decided on the entry of the Phalangists into the camps should have foreseen—from the information at their disposal and from things which were common knowledge—that there was danger of a massacre, and no steps were taken which might have been taken to prevent this danger or at least greatly reduce the possibility that deeds of this type might be done, then those who made the decisions and those who implemented them are indirectly responsible for what ultimately occurred, even if they did not intend this to happen and merely disregarded the anticipated danger. A similar indirect responsibility also falls on those who knew of the decision: it was their duty . . . to warn of the danger, and they did not fulfill this duty.

The commissioners provide a legal, moral, religious, and historical basis for the importance of indirect

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responsibility. The legal basis involves the status of Israeli forces in Lebanese territory; while its status is unclear, the commissioners write, "if the territory of West Beirut may be viewed at the time of the events as occupied territory . . . then it is the duty of the occupier, according to the rules of usual and customary international law, to do all it can to ensure the public's well-being and security." (These sentences will return to haunt the Begin policy in the West Bank.) The moral basis is stated straightforwardly: "As far as the obligations applying to every civilized nation and the ethical rules accepted by civilized peoples go, the problem of indirect responsibility cannot be disregarded." The religious basis is in a strange but stirring ritual mandated in Deuteronomy. A dead man is found in Israelite territory, and it is not known who struck him down. The elders of the nearest town are instructed to wash their hands in the blood of a beheaded heifer and say: "Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it." The commissioners cite the gloss in the Babylonian Talmud according to which this ritual is meant to express frustration at having failed to help. Had we known of the man's peril, the rabbis say, we would have rescued him, but we did not know; the Israeli commanders knew of the Palestinians' peril on Friday morning, as the massacre was in progress, and they rescued nobody. ("Spectators would have risen up and spoken out," a sixteenth century Italian Jewish commentator observed on the Biblical verse.) The Kahan Commission did well to adduce this remarkable case in Jewish law; the political abuse of Judaism by the expansionists and the militarists in Israel has tarnished the religion as well as the state. Finally, to establish the historical basis for the charges they will bring, the commissioners adduce the adversity that Jews themselves have known:

> When we are dealing with the issue of indirect responsibility, it should also not be forgotten that the Jews in various lands of exile, and also in the Land of Israel when it was under foreign rule, suffered greatly from pogroms perpetrated by various hooligans; and the danger of disturbances against Jews in various lands, it seems evident, has not yet passed. The Jewish public's stand has always been that the responsibility for such deeds falls not only on those who rioted and committed the atrocities, but also on those who were responsible for safety and public order, who could have prevented the disturbances. . . .

At one point the commissioners even refer to the massacre as a "pogrom," and you rub your eyes in amazement. After centuries of catastrophe such comparisons come hard. This is moral empathy of a high order.

When the commissioners come to their conclusions about the part of "the political echelon" in the evil episode, they preface them with considerations that seem quite natural to the political culture of Israel, but not quite natural to others. The Watergate wars, for example, come to mind.

> The claim has been made, albeit not in the framework of the commission's deliberations, that the matter of a minister's judgment cannot serve as the subject of investigation of a commission of inquiry because a minister's judgments are political judgments; there are no set norms regarding judgments of this kind; and therefore one cannot subject such judgments to scrutiny. We reject this view. . . . No commission of inquiry would fulfill its role properly if it did not exercise such scrutiny, in the framework of its competence, vis-a-vis any man whose actions and failures were under scrutiny, regardless of his position and public standing.

What, then, did the commission find? Not that Israelis did the deed, or were in the camps when the deed was done. Not that entry into West Beirut after Bashir Gemayel's assassination was unjustified. Not that Israeli commanders sent the Phalangists into Sabra and Shatila with the intention of harming the refugees (though, in the report's most shocking sentence, Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan is found to have "ignored this danger out of an awareness that there were great advantages to sending the Phalangists into the camps, and perhaps also out of a hope that in the final analysis the Phalangist excesses would not be on a large scale"). Not that Israelis could see or hear the crime while it was committed. This is the good news. But the bad news is bad indeed.

THE CONTENTS of the report must not be lost in the congratulations. It tells a story of grave human delinquency. Some of its details are particularly damning. In the middle of the massacre the Phalangists asked for a tractor, and the Chief of Staff acceded to the request, agreeing even to remove its Israeli markings. There was no military purpose for a tractor, as the report notes; what its purpose was may be deduced from the photographs of the ploughed-up streets of Sabra and Shatila, where corpses were collected with the rubble. Brigadier General Amos Yaron learned that "the Phalangists were perpetrating acts of killing which went beyond combat operations, and were killing women and children as well," but he passed this information along to nobody, and "wished to downplay the importance of the matter." In a telephone conversation with Defense Minister Sharon, the Chief of Staff informed him, while the killings were taking place, that the Phalangists had "overdone it," but he did not take the matter up with the Phalangist commanders "from a fear of offending their honor." And Ariel Sharon, who sent his Christian allies into the camp, did nothing to stop them. Mr. Sharon is the villain of this report. "His involvement with the war was deep, and the connection with the Phalangists was under his constant care." The commissioners concluded that "it is impossible to justify the Minister of Defense's disregard of the danger of a massacre. . . . no prophetic powers were required." They charged him with "the nonfulfillment of a duty" as well as with the failure to meet "a humanitarian obligation." And they recommended that he resign his ministry, or be dismissed.

Ariel Sharon is not a democratic man, and it came as no surprise that he rejected the authority of this exercise of democracy. (It would be "a mark of Cain" upon Israel,

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the Defense Minister observed, overlooking the fact that Cain's mark was deserved.) It was more of a surprise that Menachem Begin, the defender of the rule of law, did not immediately act upon the authority of his commissioners. The Prime Minister, who was found to be accountable but not actionable for his indifference to the Phalangist danger to the Palestinians, delayed; and his delay cast his country into confusion. The streets filled with protesters, and into a Peace Now protest against the failure of the government to fire Mr. Sharon somebody rolled a hand grenade. Emil Grinzweig, who came to Israel from Czechoslovakia and fought in its wars, was killed, and nine others were wounded. The society went into a night of shock.

And well that it did. Emil Grinzweig was the first Jew to die at the hands of another Jew, the first victim of political assassination, in the history of the state. But this, too, to borrow the commission's chilling phrase, could have been foreseen. The far right in Israel introduced violence into the political vocabulary years ago. They used to practice their political perversions only in the West Bank, where armed Jewish settlers roam at will and complain that their security is at stake. Now they practice them in Israel. During the Israeli election campaign of 1981 there were beatings of Labor supporters and lootings of their property. Last September radio reporters were assaulted by gangs for "tarnishing Israel's image." Now death threats are received by the members of the Kahan Commission, and Meir Kahana, the rabbi who calls for the expulsion of the Palestinians from the West Bank, warns Peace Now that he will not tolerate any more anti-Begin demonstrations. And then the grenade is thrown. Naturally everybody expresses horror, and neither Meir Kahana, nor the Gush Emunim, nor the angry Sephardi mobs, want the responsibility. But the responsibility is theirs. Moreover, it is Menachem Begin's and Ariel Sharon's as well, because they have sponsored the most sinister actors in Israeli politics, and have allowed really fascist elements to do their dirty work for them.

There are, then, dark spots on this sun. Israel is a democracy, a brilliant democracy, but there is no use pretending that all there is well. During one of its finest hours of freedom one of its basest moments was written. It would be a mistake to conclude that Israel is not what it seems to be, that it has become abusive and authoritarian. It has not. The Kahan Commission proved that. Compared to its neighbors, certainly, Israel is its own planet. Still, there is rot. And it must be carefully considered. There has never been an open society in which there was no rot. Consternation about the course of Israeli politics under Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon is no contradiction to pride about the newest achievement of Israel's political system. Shimon Peres remarked that Emil Grinzweig was Israel's "first sacrifice on the altar of democracy." No more—but no less. The torments of democracy are still torments.

What is especially alarming about the political predicament of Israel is the alliance between the lowest deeds and the highest offices. Prime Minister Begin has not turned away from the support of the mobs. He has not seized the chance to complete Israel's recovery from its complicity in the massacre by carrying out with ethical enthusiasm the recommendations of the commission. He has acted like a lawyer when he should have acted like a leader. Ariel Sharon, who has been judged to be morally unfit to command, remains in the Cabinet. ("I considered it important that I continue serving in the government," Mr. Sharon said, "so we had to find a way to comply with the commission's recommendations and yet allow me to remain in the government.") His seat at that table is an insult to all the institutions that make Israel one of the blessings of the age. The Prime Minister could have removed the stain. Instead he lightened it.

NOTEBOOK

□ THREE UP, MILES TO GO: Three Democratic Presidential candidates have pledged they will not take campaign contributions from political action committees. Congratulations are due, alphabetically, to Reubin Askew, Gary Hart, and Walter Mondale. This should be the start of something important: the rejection of special-interest financing by the larger (and poorer) of the two political parties. Or, as Mr. Mondale put it in his address to the California state Democratic convention on January 15: "I say it's time, fellow Democrats, that we declare war on special-interest money in American politics. Let's put a cap on campaign spending. Let's plant controls on these PACs. Let's end the loopholes of so-called independent committees." He went on to propose public funding of Congressional campaigns, which is further than we are prepared to go, but as to PACs and their malign influence (see "Political Pac-Man," by Mark Green, TNR, December 13, 1982), we share the sentiment in Mr. Mondale's peroration: "In these next two years, let us say again that the government of the United States is not up for sale. It belongs to the American people and we want it back." We are still a long way from that, however. The three other major Democratic contenders—John Glenn, Alan Cranston, and Fritz Hollings—have yet to take the no-PAC pledge, possibly because their campaigns already have accepted PAC money. It's okay with us if they now just say, "No *more* PAC money." What's important is that the Democratic Party unite on this theme, make it a major plank in its 1984 platform, and force the Republicans to follow suit.

□ THIRTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Women are made, not born. Mlle de Beauvoir has set out what history—*man*-made history—has made of women, what woman's situation is today, and what she may make of it tomorrow. What history—or Man—has made

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of her is the Other; she is the inessential in and through which he proclaims his superior importance, the seeming self which he can transform, in sexual aggression, to a mere object. What she is today expresses—in love, in marriage, in maternity, even in old age—this sacrificial history. But all will be different when woman has become first economically and at last psychically independent." (Review of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, by Marjorie Green, March 9, 1953).

A turn toward unilateralism.

HALF A FREEZE

PEACE MOVEMENTS suffer from geographical asymmetry. Since they are all to be found on only one side of the Elbe, they face an enduring dilemma. If they content themselves with repeating calls for bilateral reasonableness, they run the risk of descending into high-minded vacuity. On the other hand, if they decide to put substance into their appeals by advocating concrete measures, they run the risk of unilateralism, since their proposals are effectively addressed to only one side. (Governments do not suffer from the same disability. They can address the other side not only with appeals for reasonableness but also with the persuasive power of threats, such as the threat of an arms build-up.)

The American nuclear freeze movement has enjoyed a year of astonishing success in the arena of public opinion. It has done so well because it derives from a worthy sentiment, the desire to reduce the chances of nuclear war and to control the arms race. But movements cannot exist forever on sentiment. At some point they have to get down to specifics. And since the United States government has already presented at Geneva elaborate proposals for drastic, bilateral arms reductions, it could almost be predicted that if the freeze campaign decided to move into the political arena, it would move in one direction: toward unilateralism. That's what happened on February 6 in St. Louis at the national convention of the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign.

The convention reaffirmed first its ritual "commitment . . . to a bilateral, mutually verifiable freeze between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.," and, for those of us who have been wondering exactly what that means, it added details. It voted to "urge the U.S. Congress to suspend funding for the testing, production, and deployment of U.S. nuclear weapons," and to "call upon the Soviet Union to exercise corresponding restraint." It defeated a motion to make U.S. actions "contingent on" the Soviet response. So much for bilateralism.

Then the delegates decided to tackle the Euromissile question. They voted to "oppose the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe" and "favor substantial reductions in Soviet intermediate range missiles." Why a movement dedicated to abolishing the nuclear peril should not be for abolishing intermediate-range missiles—which is the current U.S. position in Geneva—is a mystery. The usual explanation is that the Soviets will refuse to eliminate their Euromissiles. But we won't know what the Soviets are prepared to do unless we push them at the negotiating table, and we certainly will never know if the United States declares in advance that it will not deploy its own missiles regardless of what the Soviets do. Besides, even if the Soviets are indissolubly wedded to their SS-20s, does such a union warrant the blessing of Americans, and in particular of the American antinuclear movement? After all, there are many good things, besides giving up Euromissiles, that the Russians refuse to do, such as halting chemical warfare against Laotian villagers. Should we, therefore, pass resolutions calling for "substantial reductions," rather than abolition, of Soviet use of "yellow rain"?

The zero-zero option is the best possible outcome for the Geneva negotiations on Euromissiles. The more this position is undercut by domestic opposition in the West, the less chance there is that the Soviets will agree to it, or to some equitable bargain approximating zero-zero—for instance, drastically reduced and balanced force levels on both sides.

The freeze movement has done a great service in awakening concern for arms control. It would be performing a great disservice if it now tried to channel that concern into directions that, apart from unilaterally weakening the United States, would make arms control agreements even more difficult to achieve than they are today.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Threats real and imagined.

SANDINISTAS BESIEGED

Managua

IN NICARAGUA, these feel very much like prewar days. The Sandinista government is increasingly jittery about the activities of what it calls the *contras*—short for counterrevolutionaries—along the Honduran and Costa Rican borders, and about waning support at home. Press censorship is vigilantly enforced and the only acceptable public political activities are those that are orchestrated by the Sandinistas. The people of Nicaragua are being prepared for additional hardship through pep rallies and newspaper stories characterized by nationalistic sloganeering and warnings about enemy brutalities. Whether that hardship will mean economic

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cutbacks, a drawn-out guerrilla offensive, or a full-scale war is not yet clear.

The local Sandinista militias are too poorly equipped to put up much resistance to the Somocistas' incursions into the mountainous territory of northern Nicaragua. The stubbornly independent Misquito Indians, who have inhabited much of this land for centuries, have been at odds with the Sandinistas from the start, and have become more rebellious in proportion to the intensity of the government's forced relocation and "education" programs. Traveling in the north, one hears many stories, even from Misquitos supportive of the government, about neighbors offering comfort and guidance to the *contras*.

These defense problems are compounded by the country's severely limited financial resources. Ambitious plans for rebuilding after the long guerrilla war against Somoza and the devastating earthquake of 1972 have stalled. There is more public talk these days about some of the staples people are being forced to do without as the government shifts into more of a war economy. Brown sugar has in large measure replaced white on Nicaraguan tables. The white sugar is shipped abroad, as is much of the country's best coffee. Outside Managua, stacked cases of empty soft-drink bottles are much easier to find than full bottles; precious truck fuel cannot be wasted hauling soda pop. A virtual panic broke out in December among Nicaragua's smokers when a plan by the national tobacco company, Tanic, to produce its own cigarette filters got snagged. Tanic had been exporting scarce dollars to buy filters from the United States. When home production took longer than expected, filter cigarettes became as hard to find in Managua as Somozas.

BECAUSE Nicaragua's national currency, the cordoba, is virtually worthless on international monetary exchanges, the government has had little choice but to impose economic belt-tightening. And while the government becomes increasingly frugal with its limited supply of dollars, the private sector attracts U.S. currency through a bustling black market. The official rate of exchange from dollars to cordobas is held by the government at 1 to 10; the going rate on the black market is now about 50 cordobas to the dollar. A shrewd bargainer can do a few cordobas better than that.

This makes Nicaragua among the cheapest places in the world for people carrying dollars. Indeed, a whole community of American and European backpackers has sprung up among the *hospedajes* that surround the Tica bus terminal in Managua. It is one of the country's ironies that Nicaragua, that outpost of radicalism on the isthmus, is Central America's best spot for a bourgeois holiday on a budget. Trading at black-market rates, the backpackers have no trouble finding accommodations for less than 50 cents a night. At the Hotel Intercontinental, Managua's swankiest, the rooms go for about $15, and a beautiful pair of handmade boots from the market town of Masaya can be had for well under $20.

The official exchange rates have left the government unable to attract hard currency. The rebuilding from the earthquake, for instance, has hardly begun, and its damage continues to dominate the shape of Managua. The downtown area, at the epicenter, was leveled. For blocks nothing remains but crumbling buildings and vacant land. The only intact building on the Plaza de la Revolución, Managua's renamed main square, is Somoza's old National Palace, now used for finance offices by the new government.

TEN YEARS AGO, this neighborhood was the prime locale for real estate in Managua, the site of lavish government offices, the cathedral, first-class hotels, and elegant private estates. None of the homes remains. The ruins of the Gran Hotel, the Hotel D'Lido, and several others are now occupied by families of squatters who appear to have settled in for good. Not much is left of Managua's once imposing cathedral. Walking through the weeds and rubble that fill the place, a view of the sky is interrupted only by a few twisted beams. Across the front of the cathedral is draped a huge banner containing the full-length likeness of the spiritual father of the new government, Augusto César Sandino. Decked out like a rebel cowboy in hat, boots, and spurs, Sandino seems to stare hopefully over the now-vacant plaza.

But these days Sandino's spirit is not being called forth to promote urban revitalization. External threat is the main concern, and the Sandinistas are turning to the tools of propaganda they learned to use in their long years of revolutionary struggle: supportive foreigners, a charged press, noisy rallies, and plenty of graffiti. The graffiti appear on private homes as well as on public buildings. Most of it doesn't so much praise the Sandinista government as condemn the counterrevolutionaries and their imperialist backers. The most common message—echoing a Loyalist slogan from the Spanish Civil War—refers tersely to the *contras* gathering at the borders. NO PASARAN, it says: they will not cross.

Even the smallest incidents along the Honduran and Costa Rican borders get banner play in the government-controlled press. Long, uplifting accounts of local efforts to shore up the national defense appear regularly. Public rallies are called at the slightest provocation and attract gigantic crowds.

Troupes of North Americans and Europeans have played to the Nicaraguans, offering encouragement in the national struggle and bright assessments about growing international sympathy for Nicaragua. People like the president of the old fellow-traveling National Lawyers Guild or an "international ambassador" from the new-left American Indian Movement, whose pronouncements at home are greeted with restraint, are asked to address huge rallies here, and they appear on the front pages of Nicaraguan newspapers.

All these tools of support-building were employed in the government's reaction to the December 9 helicopter

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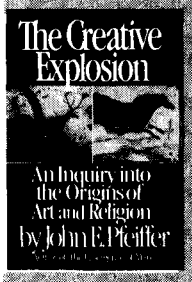

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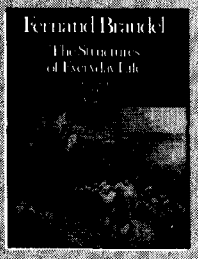

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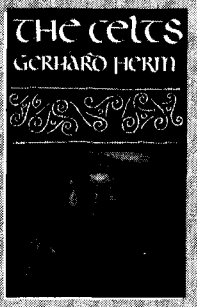

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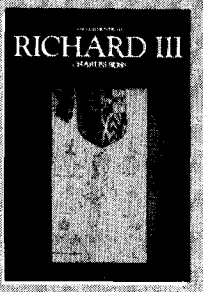

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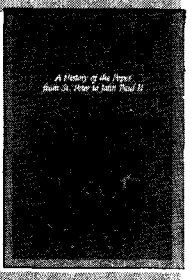

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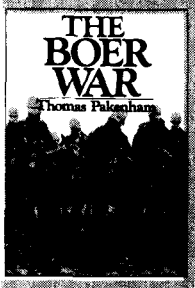

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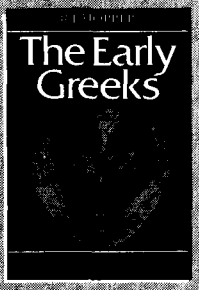

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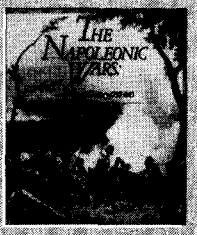

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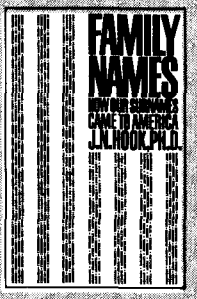

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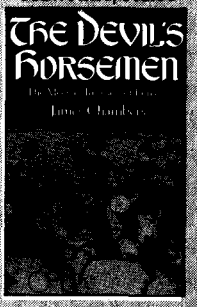

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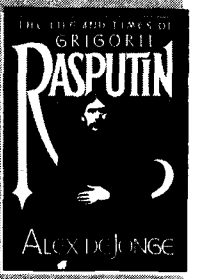

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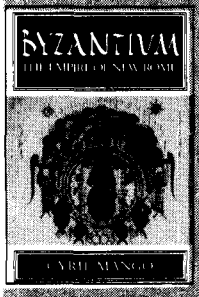

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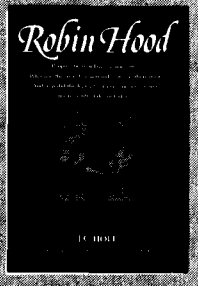

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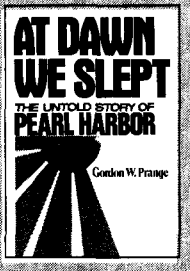

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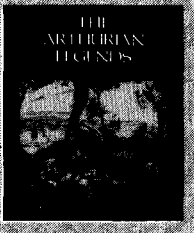

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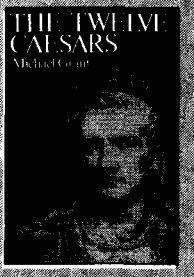

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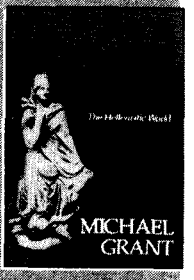

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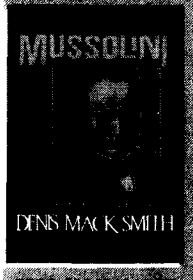

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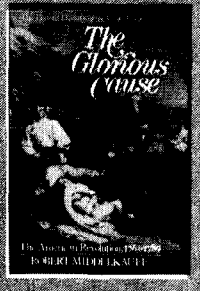

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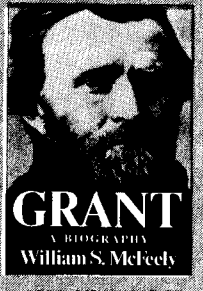

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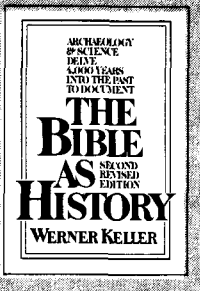
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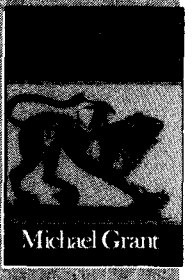

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crash in which 75 Misquito Indian children were killed. Incidents like this—in which some Nicaraguan tragedy can be explained in terms of outside aggression—are effectively used to raise public passions. The local papers still have not explained exactly how the crash occurred. Those who might provide the best information—the helicopter's three-man crew and the four passengers who were said to have survived—have been kept in seclusion by the government, supposedly on doctor's orders. Still, without precise information, blame has been placed squarely on the *contras*. According to the story widely repeated but never pinned down, a transport helicopter, taking heavy fire from *contra* gunmen, was ferrying the children from a border settlement called San Andres de Bocay to a temporary camp at San José de Bocay, about 50 kilometers into the country. After several dozen safe trips, the helicopter was shot down, its errand of assistance ending in tragedy.

THERE IS REASON to believe that it didn't happen exactly that way. The government's reluctance to present details is, of course, a little suspicious. And a visit I paid to the temporary resettlement camp, a four-hour jeep ride from the nearest city, added to my own skepticism. The stories I heard there about the crash made no mention of any attack on the helicopter. One woman, whose 12-year-old son was among the 75 dead, said that as the helicopter took off, she stood with a group of other mothers and watched while it wobbled, crashed, and burst into flames. To the obvious discomfiture of two Nicaraguan military officers who sat listening, the grieving mother said that she figured the helicopter was too heavily loaded.

Following the accident, there was no time to quibble over details. The urgent business of turning the tragedy into an occasion of national unity was efficiently attended to. Sound trucks driving through the streets of Managua brought out a crowd of nearly 20,000 for a spirited rally on the Plaza de la Revolución. A platform-full of officials delivered rousing talks on the national cause. A young boy, apparently not related directly to the Indians aboard the helicopter, recited a moving poem in honor of the children. Many of the assembled had come in organized groups of young people, union members, or revolution veterans, carrying banners and flags. Between, and often during, the officials' speeches, cheers erupted. "At the border!" someone would shout in Spanish. "No Pasaran! No Pasaran!" the crowd would reply in unison. Despite the enthusiasm, however—and despite the hopefulness of Sandino's gaze from the huge cathedral banner—the warm afternoon air carried a breath of unease.

ELLIS HENNICAN

Ellis Hennican is an American reporter traveling in Central America.

Still peppery after all these years.

I, CLAUDE

IT IS difficult to think of two liberal politicians more unlike each other than Richard Bolling, the Missouri Democrat who just retired as chairman of the House Rules Committee, and Claude Pepper, the Floridian who succeeded him. Bolling was a grumpy intellectual pragmatist, a legislator's legislator, the scholar-in-residence and frustrated reformer of House rules and procedures. Pepper is a romantic and an optimist who, Allen Drury once wrote, "has more faith than most in the efficacy of passing a resolution to solve the world's ills."

Pepper has been many things: a New Dealer more passionate than Roosevelt in the 1930s, an advocate for internationalism and disarmament in the 1940s, the "Red Pepper" of a famous McCarthyesque 1950 smear, the headline-chasing Crime Committee chairman of the 1960s, and, most recently, the indefatigable "Mr. Aging." But he has never before held real back-room legislative power, or cared much for it.

There are two good reasons why Pepper, at age 82, would forsake his pulpit as chairman of the Select Committee on Aging for the more private councils of the Rules Committee. One is the tug of the institution. Rules is a committee relatively anonymous to the public, but prestigious among legislators and historians. The other, more immediate, reason is that Pepper's role as champion of the elderly requires it.

The Aging Committee has been a marvelous platform, but it has no authority over legislation to shore up the Social Security system. That kind of legislation has to originate in the Ways and Means Committee and make its way, as all legislation must, through the Rules Committee to the floor. Rules is no longer the autocracy it once was, but the chairman maintains considerable power over what legislation moves to the floor and over what amendments will be voted on. In an age of interest-group scorecards, the ability to put politicians on the record is no small matter.

It has never been Claude Pepper's style to work behind the scenes. The history books and memoirs place him not in the back rooms but in the front lines. He has always been a firebrand.

Pepper was born in eastern Alabama of poor, but not destitute, cotton farmers. He blocked hats and worked in a steel mill to earn an education. Partially subsidized by a home-town banker who could not have suspected what he was helping to spawn, he finished Harvard Law School with honors. Pepper moved to Florida and quickly built a successful law practice, the requisite civic and fraternal ties, and a niche in the state's Democratic Party—including a short stint in the state legislature. Though not yet blossomed, he was already a budding liberal. At the age of 28, he wrote to Franklin D. Roose-

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velt, the newly elected governor of New York, "For one, I want the Democratic party genuinely to become the liberal party of this nation. I want it not to compromise upon that matter, for we cannot go to the people with conviction in our eyes unless we are sincere in our own liberalism—in our belief that right in this respect is the conferring of the greatest good upon the greatest number." Pepper narrowly missed upsetting a U.S. Senator in 1934, but was appointed to fill a two-year vacancy in 1936, the year of the Roosevelt landslide and one year after Congress passed the Social Security Act.

Listening to his rural Southern mumble that sounds as if it is bubbling up through a pool of forty-weight oil, or puzzling over the non sequiturs that result when his twin hearing aids fail to pick up a question, it may be hard to envision Pepper as an orator, but he was. Francis P. Locke, in a profile of Pepper, says he "was served by a forensic equipment seldom seen in the modern day of the United States Senate," the modern day at that time being 1946. He is still capable of florid eloquence—his speech was the highlight of the Congressional ceremony marking the F.D.R. centennial last year—and he enjoys the cadence of his own voice.

FROM THE OUTSET, Pepper embraced national health insurance, Social Security, public housing, and aid to education, along with the more concrete monuments of the New Deal. This was not as radical as it now sounds. The South of the 1940s welcomed the money the New Deal brought, and Pepper's loyalty to F.D.R. helped him steer considerable largesse to his state. Much riskier were his liberal views on organized labor (he sponsored one of the first minimum wage/maximum hours bills) and especially on race. In 1942 his fellow Southern Senators successfully filibustered his bill to outlaw the poll tax.

Though he is now known mainly as a champion of domestic spending, Pepper made his Senate reputation as an errant member of the Foreign Relations Committee. Visiting Europe for the first time in 1938, he saw Hitler rousing the masses at a Nuremberg rally and brownshirts marching through the streets, twelve abreast, bearing torches. He hastened home to meet with F.D.R. He recalls, "I said, 'Mr. President, that's sinister, and I think it's a danger to the free world that's developing over there. That's a cancer on the face of freedom.' And he said, 'Claude, I'm very much aware of that.' But, he said, 'I can't get this country stirred up.' "

Stirring up sounded like work for Pepper, and he promptly set off about the country, stumping for conscription and military aid to the Allies while the prevailing mood was still isolationist. On the Capitol steps, a crowd of war mothers hanged and mauled an effigy labeled "Claude 'Benedict Arnold' Pepper."

The day after the armistice was signed with the Japanese in 1945, Pepper visited Europe again, paying his way by writing articles for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Among the dignitaries he interviewed was Joseph Stalin, who was embittered that Russia, after its massive war losses, was offered no postwar aid from the United States. Persuaded that Stalin genuinely craved peace, Pepper returned to push, with characteristic exuberance, for $6 billion in Marshall Plan-style aid to the Soviets. In a 1946 article in this magazine (whose nominal editor at the time was his friend, former Vice President Henry Wallace), Pepper outlined "A Program for Peace" that called for scrapping all atomic weapons and dismantling the factories to build them, international sharing of strategic bases outside any nation's homeland, a spirit of economic cooperation, and a Big Three conference at which these ideals would be ratified.

On at least one occasion, Pepper proposed that America demonstrate its good faith by disarming before a treaty was signed (the United States then being the only nation with atomic weapons). He now recalls that the proposal was "extemporaneous," inspired by "earnestness and spiritual feeling," but he does not regret it. "I have nothing to apologize for in anything I did at that time. I think if my advice had been followed, the country would be far better off today. . . . I don't mean that the Russians are any angels, but that was a time when it might have made a difference if we'd treated them a little different." His optimism on this point lives on in his firm devotion to the nuclear weapons freeze.

BY 1950, Pepper had set himself up for a brutal Red-baiting and race-baiting opposition, documented in Robert Sherrill's 1968 book, *Gothic Politics in the Deep South*. Businessmen irked at his labor orientation and doctors infuriated by his advocacy of national health insurance recruited a Pepper protégé named George Smathers, and massed behind him with money and organization. Smathers, previously viewed as a liberal, caught the spirit of the era with gusto. "Florida will not allow herself to become entangled in the spiraling spider web of the Red network," he intoned in one speech. "The people of our state will no longer tolerate advocates of treason." Another popular (though not well-documented) story of that Democratic primary campaign had Smathers scandalizing uneducated rural voters by telling them Pepper was "a shameless extrovert," who engaged in "nepotism with his sister-in-law," and that before his marriage he had "practiced celibacy." (Smathers served three terms in the Senate. He is now a Washington lawyer and lobbyist whose clients include the government of South Africa. Whether out of contrition or out of the inherent pragmatism of his current profession, he wrote a $350 check to Pepper's 1982 re-election campaign.)

Pepper, meanwhile, retreated to Florida to make a substantial fortune practicing law, returning to the hustings twelve years later. Rather than moderate his views, he found a congenial constituency—a liberal House district carved out of Miami, heavy with elderly transplanted Northeasterners. He won election to the House at age 62, and quickly persuaded the Democratic leader-

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ship to create for him a Select Committee on Crime. As its chairman, he distinguished himself as a showman with a knack for heckling witnesses in pursuit of headlines. Then and now, he was a law-and-order man. (The only time he has met Ronald Reagan was at a recent White House Christmas party. Passing through a reception line, he paused to say, "Mr. President, we appreciate what you're doing against crime and drugs in Florida." Reagan "didn't say a word. Just looked at me.")

Pepper's talent for Grand Guignol served him in the Select Committee on Aging. His hearings on nursing home ripoffs and insurance scams and pension fraud produced some reforms and many headlines. Social Security has moved him to apocalyptic rhetoric, aimed largely at Reagan. "I don't understand the President," he said in a recent interview. "I don't want to attribute to him utter spiritual and emotional callousness . . . and yet, what he does indicates that that's true. This country is paying a terrible price for that smile that he has and that ingratiating way he possesses."

PEPPER'S own view of Social Security is as clear and uncomplicated as Reagan's views on almost anything. He sees no injustice in the fact that the rich retiree is entitled to the same benefits as a poor one—actually, more generous, because a rich man's pension is computed from a more generous income base. "Social Security is not a welfare program," he insists. "It is an insurance program. It's a guarantee against loss of income." In fact, as he knows, Social Security is not nearly so simple. It is a complex hybrid. In part, insurance—but a policy that pays off whether income is lost or not. Pepper himself, though well paid, well off, and assured a generous Congressional pension, receives $8,700 a year in Social Security benefits; at age 72, benefits begin whether the recipient keeps working or not.

To save Social Security from its cash-flow problems, Pepper would abolish Reaganomics. End the tax cuts, lop $20 billion from defense spending, get the Fed to lower interest rates, and put enough of the 11 million unemployed back to work so they will again be contributing payroll taxes. That being unlikely, his favored alternative is to subsidize Social Security with general tax revenues, either directly or through the roundabout method of raising payroll taxes and then allowing a credit against income taxes. Social Security should be handled, he says, "the way we helped out Lockheed, the way we helped out Chrysler, the way we helped out New York City." As a member of the President's commission on Social Security, Pepper has grudgingly lent his name to the commission's January compromise, which includes some concessions: a short delay in one cost-of-living raise, coverage of new federal employees, taxation of some benefits, and a few other adjustments. How firmly Pepper will adhere to this accord, in the face of objections from groups like the American Association of Retired Persons, remains to be seen.

Pepper's intractability, and his rhetoric, have not ingratiated him with the Administration. William Greener of the Republican National Committee, noting Pepper's campaign harangues against threats to Social Security, told James M. Perry of *The Wall Street Journal*, "Claude Pepper has raised political demagogy and falsehood to new heights." More recently, Pepper has also been the butt of young scribes of the neoliberal school, who see him as their antagonist in a war between the generations, and as the embodiment of the "we-got-ours" thinking that makes federal entitlements untouchable. Michael Kinsley complained in *Harper's* that "any suggestion that today's benefits be reduced in any way—or even that they not increase faster than the average worker's wages—sets off the Claude Pepper Tabernacle Choir singing, 'Shoot if you must this old gray head!' and the suggester soon slinks away abashed."

The idea of Pepper holding the pass may strike some as comical. He does not seem a formidable figure—more like a white-haired extraterrestrial, bemused in Reaganland. Aides flutter about him protectively. Colleagues sometimes seem to humor him. He lacks patience for the grunt work of legislation and practice in the finer parliamentary tricks. But he lacks nothing in the way of passion or energy. He marches now to the beat of a pacemaker, but he keeps long hours and does not take naps. His bile still rises at a perceived injustice. And he has friends. Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill cherishes Pepper. (O'Neill, in many ways, is the merger of Bolling's back-room savvy and Pepper's big-hearted optimism.) Pepper also collected an enormous stack of I.O.U.s in the 1982 campaign, crisscrossing the country raising money and rallying elderly voters on behalf of more than seventy candidates. Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee, noting Pepper's popularity, called him "the sexiest man in America." Fifty-two of the candidates he helped won election. His office keeps a list.

His supporters would wince at the comparison, but Pepper in many respects resembles Ronald Reagan. Both are incurable optimists. Both, raised in the Depression, were young adherents of F.D.R. Both made their reputations as communicators—indeed, their speeches display a common flair for anecdote at the expense of analysis and introspection. Both are obstinately committed to their respective ideals of America. It may be too melodramatic to say that the future of Social Security now depends on a showdown between these two members of the Golden Age Club of politics. The deal that seems most likely to pass Congress was hatched in the gulf between them. But the presence of Reagan and Pepper at opposing ends may remind us that this is not so much a gulf between generations, as between two views of what government is good for.

BILL KELLER

Bill Keller is a reporter with the Washington Bureau of the *Dallas Times Herald*.

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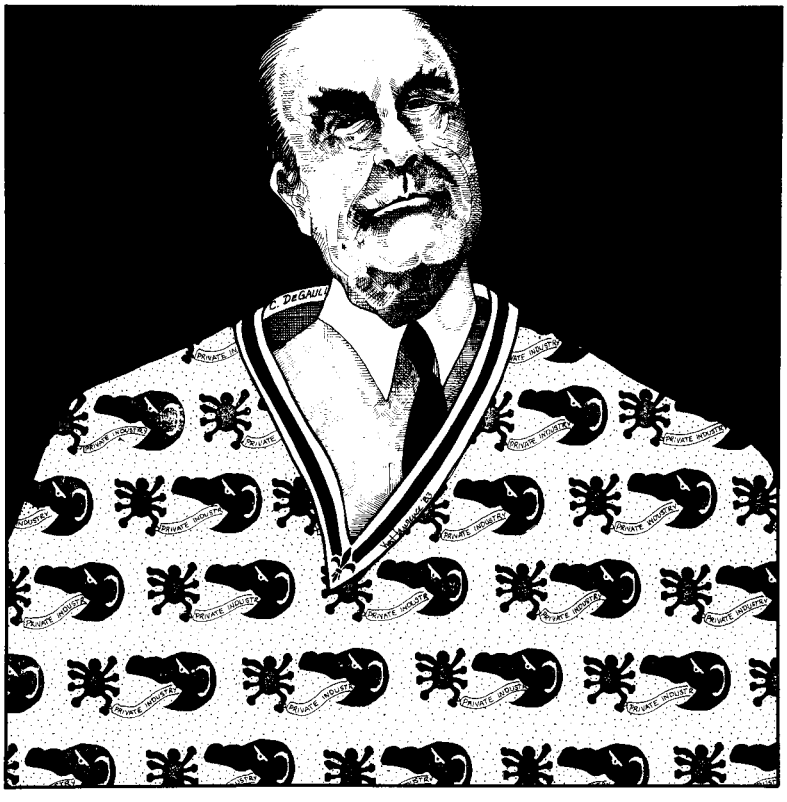
FRANCE'S ATARI SOCIALISM

BY BOB KUTTNER

Paris

FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND's Socialist government is among the most radical to hold power in the West since World War II. European Socialists were supposed to have been housebroken a long time ago, but Mitterrand's reborn Socialist Party has actually moved French Socialism to the left. He is the first European leader in three decades to rely on extensive nationalization not as a last resort but as an instrument of avowed "rupture with capitalism." Much of the program he unveiled in 1981 is the direct descendant of the Common Program he negotiated with the French Communist Party in 1972. And even though his own party enjoys an absolute majority in the National Assembly, Mitterrand has kept four Communist ministers in his Cabinet—a largely tactical gesture, to be sure, but one that would be unthinkable for a prime minister in most of Western Europe.



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Yet Socialist France remains tightly yoked to global capitalism, and the successes and failures of Mitterrand's first twenty months must be understood in that light. In this respect France serves as a clarifying lens through which to view the interdependency of the entire non-Communist world. As seen from Paris, the global recession, the deflationary policies of Britain, Germany, and the United States, the hyper-competition of world industry in the face of declining demand, the downward pressure on wages and social income, and the laissez-faire doctrine of the Common Market all serve as rigid constraints not easily shaken by Socialism in one country.

From today's perspective, the 1950s and 1960s seem a time when the steady growth of the world economy meant that virtually any European social formula "worked." Sweden's social democracy, Germany's social market economy, Britain's muddle-throughism, Italy's managed anarchy, and France's Gaullist corporatism all produced growth rates that now seem miraculous, and unemployment levels well below 3 percent.

If the '50s and '60s were a time when nothing failed, the period since the mid-'70s has been a time when nothing worked. During the past half-decade, every variant of Western political economy has faltered. The neo-Gaullist regime of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was a casualty of the same global reversal that has battered his successor. Under Giscard, French unemployment climbed relentlessly—from under 2 percent (about 300,000 people) before the first oil shock to 4 percent by 1975, 5 percent by 1978, 6 percent by 1979, and nearly 8 percent by the elections of 1981. Half a million jobless had been thought to be the trigger that would set off massive social unrest, but by the time of Giscard's defeat in May 1981 unemployment stood at 1.7 million. The final years of Giscard's presidency, under Prime Minister Raymond Barre, brought a move away from Gaullist *dirigisme* toward market liberalism. Higher corporate profits, deregulation, and the liberation of the entrepreneurial spirit were supposed to revive the French economy. They didn't.

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The Socialists came to the Elysée with political circumstances far more auspicious than they had dared hope—and economic conditions far worse than they had imagined. Politically, the institutions of the Fifth Republic, which most of the left had opposed, finally gave the left something it had vainly sought since 1789: state power in a regime with a strong executive and an absolute parliamentary majority. Not only was the right badly splintered into traditional conservatives, economic liberals, and several factions claiming to be the true heirs of General de Gaulle; the Communists were the weakest they had been in half a century, with fewer than one-sixth as many seats in the Assembly as the Socialists.

The Socialist economic program of May 1981 offered several bold themes. Its "supply side" would revive French industry directly, through nationalizations in the most dynamic sectors, using public capital to boost investment dramatically. Technological advances would enable a reinvigorated French industry to "reconquer the domestic market" and build exports. An ultra-Keynesian "demand side" would restore growth by redistributing purchasing power to the bottom quarter of the population. With the State providing capital for growth, unproductive private wealth could be taxed. And the pitfalls of deadening, statist Socialism would be averted by a radical democratization of society—through administrative decentralization, devolution of authority to local government, and self-management in the work place.

THE ACTUAL RECORD has been mixed. The Socialists have failed to realize their more grandiose objectives, but they have backed into some admirable innovations. The nationalizations were carried out smoothly. The ultra-Keynesianism has been abandoned in favor of a pragmatic mix of mild reflation and austerity—but austerity with a human face. The franc has declined, but unemployment has stopped rising. Inflation has moderated, though less than elsewhere. "Reconquest of the domestic market" has been recognized as a virtually impossible goal for one European country, because retaliation is far too easy for France's Common Market neighbors. But this is a theme, as we shall see, that has increasing appeal for the Common Market as a whole.

Of all the policies announced in May 1981, the sweeping nationalizations caused the most consternation in other Western capitals. Nationalization had been thoroughly discredited in Britain as a self-defeating recipe for stagnation. It had been abandoned by Europe's shrewdest Social Democrats, the Germans and the Swedes. By definition it was an antimarket form of economic nationalism, of the sort implicitly frowned on by the Treaty of Rome. In short, nationalization looked like a dangerous exercise in ideological nostalgia. Yet nationalization has been a good stratagem for France, where the State has played a major entrepreneurial role since the days of Colbert.

The economy the French Socialists inherited was already a hybrid of state-owned industries and nominally private companies heavily influenced by state planning and public capital. France had industrialized late. In 1935, nearly half the French population still lived on the farm; by 1940, the traditional industries developed in the nineteenth century were worn out; and by 1944, many top industrialists stood politically discredited as collaborationists. In rebuilding the shattered economy, General de Gaulle's postwar coalition government of 1944-1947 relied heavily on the French State.

De Gaulle nationalized coal, gas, electricity, and more than 50 percent of banking and insurance; he reorganized existing private manufacturers into large State-owned firms in auto production (Renault), aircraft engines (SNECMA), and civil aviation (Air France). In his second incarnation, De Gaulle established a huge State-owned oil company, Elf Aquitane. Unlike the British, the French were able to run their public companies entrepreneurially, leaving day-to-day management to the managers.

DURING THE POSTWAR boom years, the French State proved skillful at stimulating large industries both domestically and for export, particularly where the government could use its influence to create markets and allocate capital. This is resented in some quarters as an outrageous interference with the market. ("Airbus *cheats*," one prominent Harvard Business School professor complains. "They undercut Boeing with 6 percent money.") But for certain key sectors, the approach works. In this respect, France's is the European economy most like Japan's. "We never really had capitalism in France," an influential adviser to industry told me. "We had individuals who wanted to get rich quick. And we had the State."

Thus France has been able to establish niches (*créneaux*) in the international economy—subway technology, offshore drilling equipment, electrical generators, telecommunications, aircraft, and, of course, a highly competitive armaments industry. But these are all industries that are well suited to the marketing influence of the State. French industry has had much less success in direct consumer markets. The slogan "reconquest of the domestic market" was prompted precisely by the steep erosion of the French share of the home market for basic consumer goods—autos, household appliances, clothing, furniture, and above all electronics. Since the mid-'70s, the Planning Ministry estimates, foreign penetration of basic manufactured goods has risen from 25 percent to nearly 40 percent.

To be sure, the nationalizations of 1981 had an ideological rationale—they were the sine qua non for Communist support. But there was a very practical rationale, too: despite the subsidies and incentives, French private industry was simply failing to compete. And as demand softened, due both to competition and, increasingly, to the recession, industry grew hesitant to invest.

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The 1972 Common Program carefully targeted not the losers but France's most dynamic industries: eleven major industrial conglomerates in aerospace, armaments, chemicals, pharmaceuticals, nuclear energy, electronics, and computers, plus virtually all the remaining private banks and insurance companies. Even in the pared-down version of 1981, Mitterrand's list included nearly all the banks and five of the largest conglomerates, plus controlling interest in two more. In the intervening decade, however, recession, foreign competition, and bad management had taken their toll. The State's fresh bouquet of industries includes some lemons.

By far the best of the lot is a highly profitable heavy manufacturing and engineering conglomerate, the Compagnie Générale d'Électricité, with $10 billion in sales, 170,000 employees, burgeoning export markets, and a 20 percent growth rate. C.G.E. resembles a combination of Bechtel and General Electric. It builds everything from dams and airports to telecommunications systems and locomotives, and it has subsidiaries in energy conservation, data processing, and even shipbuilding. Its president, Georges Pebereau, kept his job after the nationalization. Choosing his words carefully, Pebereau told me that the government has chosen not to interfere with C.G.E.'s management since the nationalization, that little new capital is being provided by the State because C.G.E. is able to raise all it needs from its own sources, and that the most noticeable change since nationalization is better labor relations.

But most of the other newly nationalized companies are in varying degrees of trouble. Pechiney-Ugine-Kuhlmann, the world's fourth-largest aluminum manufacturer, looked like a winner in 1972; today its chemical business is losing a fortune. St. Gobain, founded by order of Louis XIV to make glass for Versailles, is today a major maker of industrial packaging, glass, and computers—and another money loser.

WHEN the nationalizations came into force last February, Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy promised "absolute autonomy of decisionmaking." But at some of the newly nationalized companies, top management has been replaced, and more than one new executive is a close political ally of the Minister of Research and Industry, Jean-Pierre Chevènement, a leader of the Socialist Party's left and a partisan of interventionism. Chevènement has already moved to push one French company out of the semiconductor business and another one into it. This is nothing new; the Gaullists practiced exactly the same sort of intervention. When the Socialists do it, though, industry gets very nervous.

Among the government's most ambitious schemes is its plan to have Thomson Brandt, the French consumer appliance and electronics conglomerate, buy control of Germany's ailing Grundig. The idea is to create a Franco-German electronics giant that could compete with the best of the Japanese and American companies. This is "reconquest of the domestic market" elevated to a pan-European strategy, where it will not set off trade wars within the Common Market.

The government's main remedy for industrial malaise is capital—an initial 23 billion francs for the nationalized firms, and, as Chevènement has just announced, another 20 billion for 1983. Because the Socialists were shrewd enough to pick potential growth industries, the new state capital will not go to bail out these companies, but to make them more competitive internationally. Mitterrand's closest advisers are infatuated with high technology, and with the prospect of a French Socialist version of the Japanese model. With State ownership, the government contends, French industry won't be deterred by short-run market conditions or immediate profitability. It can invest for the long term.

THIS IS a very risky business. By and large, the competitive international market has provided enough discipline to keep French State-owned firms from falling into subsidized stagnation. This is another inescapable influence of global capitalism—even State firms have to please buyers. The airbus, the French-built subway systems and generators, Renaults, and the famous Exocet missile all enjoy State assistance, but they all are also good products. In the past, the French State has proved to be a far better entrepreneur than most, but it has made its share of blunders. The acid test of the strategy will be in the intensely competitive electronics industry.

If nationalization has not been the catastrophe its critics feared, the government's Keynesian reflation—the demand side of the equation—has been an economic failure, though perhaps a political success. Economic stimulus—*relance*—was aimed at both demand and distribution. Purchasing power was increased most sharply at the bottom. The minimum wage was raised 14 percent in real terms, minimum pensions and family allowances boosted nearly 50 percent, and income taxes reduced at the bottom and raised at the top. The government deliberately ran a deficit of 3 percent of G.N.P.

Officials will tell you today that this policy assumed the worldwide economic recovery widely predicted as imminent a year ago. And if the French Socialists predicated their program on the success of Reaganomics, maybe they got what they deserved. But it is certainly true that few in Europe thought American interest rates would stay so high or the recession run so deep. Today French officials explain, rather lamely, that "the rendezvous with the American *relance* never came."

Instead, France found itself inflating consumption while all its trading partners were continuing to deflate. The policy gave France a growth rate at least a point higher than its neighbors; but in an open economy, much of the growth translated into a massive increase in imports, a widening trade imbalance, and two devaluations. Keynes in one country doesn't work, either.

Yet the real downward redistribution of purchasing power bought the government political space for the

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austerity program that followed. And though Socialists do not like to be celebrated for humane austerity programs, the long overdue fiscal reform begun in mid-1982 could stand out as one of the Mitterrand government's lasting achievements.

The French version of the welfare state, as it evolved under thirty years of conservative corporatist rule, is one of the most comprehensive—and regressively financed—in Europe. France has the most unequal wage structure in the West, and the tax system doesn't do much redistributing. The value-added tax brings in four times what the income tax does. Tax evasion is widespread. Some redistribution is accomplished by social transfers, but virtually the entire welfare state—pensions, unemployment benefits, health care, family allowances, even some housing subsidies—is financed by regressive payroll taxes. In the United States, our combined employer-employee payroll taxes have just reached an unprecedented 13.7 percent. In France the total employer-employee payroll charges add up to a staggering 62 percent, most of which falls on the employer. This impedes both efficiency and equity. It leaves French industry with inflated, uncompetitive wage costs, and French workers with depressed take-home pay.

REFORM of the social state is a priority for the Mitterrand government, and potentially one of its most divisive issues. When pressure rose to trim the social security budget, the Minister of Social Solidarity, Nicole Questiaux, declared, "I was not appointed minister of accounting," and left the Cabinet soon afterward. But under her successor, Pierre Bérégovoy, the government is combining fiscal reform with continued attention to the neediest. Major portions of the social budget are being shifted to a new proportional income tax, beginning with aid to the handicapped and family allowances.

Long-term fiscal reform is being combined with a tough anti-inflation policy, which began with a four-month freeze on wages and prices. The government has begun to move France away from de facto indexation by targeting an inflation rate and limiting wage and pension adjustments to that target rather than indexing them to the rate of inflation after the fact. This approach gives the entire society an interest in a low inflation rate. The 1982 target was 10 percent; thanks to the freeze, the actual rate was slightly less. The 1983 target is 8 percent. Within these overall limits, minimum wages, pension benefits, and family allowances continue to be raised.

The government is also pursuing an ambitious reform of France's expensive and irrationally financed hospitalization system. Incredibly, under the French system hospitals are reimbursed according to how many days the patient stays, regardless of the actual cost of services rendered. Since the first days of an illness or injury are usually the most costly (except for terminal patients), this gives hospitals a perverse incentive to prolong recuperations. One reform already in place bills patients for the room-and-board portion of hospitalization. Another will replace the daily reimbursement system with annual budgets for each hospital.

Thus, the Socialists are trying to give the economy something that has eluded conservatives—a shift away from an indexed society to a fiscally sounder welfare state. "The left is offering business what they couldn't obtain for themselves," says Questiaux, "an equitable sharing of difficulties during a period of austerity."

Many of the particular fiscal reforms are not too unlike those being advocated by non-Socialists in Europe and America. The key difference is that the French reforms are being applied as part of a strategy to bolster "social solidarity" and the welfare state, not to unravel it. In Mme Questiaux's words, "We understand that the economic recession caused the crisis of the welfare state, and not vice versa."

Indeed, virtually all observers of the French scene agree that the modern social state simply cannot function with a growth rate of zero and an unemployment rate of 10 percent. The result is a trap with severe fiscal imbalances and permanent structural deficits, in which lowering wages and social overhead costs in pursuit of elusive international competitiveness only becomes a recipe for deeper deflation and worse deficits. Last year France's unemployment benefits alone cost some $20 billion.

UNEMPLOYMENT remains the government's most difficult problem. Even if the bold program to revive French industry with State capital succeeds, it will have scant direct effect on employment. On the contrary, modernizing declining sectors such as steel, coal, and textiles will cost jobs on balance. And even high technology is not likely to be a major net provider of new jobs.

"The Ninth Plan [now in final preparation] will not even project unemployment statistics," concedes a high official of the planning ministry. "The figures are just too depressing." Officials say there is no practical way to keep unemployment from rising slightly in 1983 and remaining unacceptably high for at least two years.

The employment ministry, under Jean le Garrec, one of the few ministers of working-class origins, is trying some innovative measures in job sharing and early retirement. The work week was reduced from 40 to 39 hours as a strategy for sharing available jobs. In April a new law will lower the normal retirement age to 60—which will open up jobs, but at a terrible cost to the budget. Under an innovative program called "solidarity contracts," the ministry bargains with individual companies for voluntary early retirement plans, under which the government pays a major share of the extra pension cost. But all these measures together create perhaps 200,000 jobs, and there are two million unemployed.

The causes, and cures, for France's economic woes are mainly global and macroeconomic. Given the very limited room to maneuver, the government hasn't done badly thus far. Significantly, it has done worst in the

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area dearest to the hearts of many French Socialists: democratization of French society. When Mitterrand was building his new Socialist Party in the late '60s, memories of the 1968 revolt were fresh. Most French Socialists, and especially the left Catholics among them, such as trade union leader Edmond Maire and Planning Minister Michel Rocard, embraced one of the key demands of 1968, *auto-gestion*, or self-management. It has been a centerpiece of every Socialist program since. Yet in practice, the only things the left can agree on are that *auto-gestion* means different things to different people and that the government has failed to carry it out.

France remains a society of egalitarian ideals and a rigid, elitist social structure. Its modernizers and technocrats, whether they call themselves Socialists or conservatives, have hestitated to share real power. The elite that supplies proficient Socialist bankers and industrialists also undercuts the prospect of real democratization of society. France remains, as Michel Albert, the longtime collaborator of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, observes, a country with a modern economy *"à l'allemande"* inside an archaic society *"à l'espagnole."*

Mitterrand himself is a formal, rather aloof figure. In December, after he was kept waiting in a provincial television studio because of a technical foul-up, he saw to it that heads rolled. His notebooks, recently published in English as *The Wheat and the Chaff*, suggest a formidable intellectual range and a genuine humanism, but a personal distance that somehow fails to signal the sort of radical democratization promised in the Socialist program. In the ministries of Socialist France, hierarchy still reigns. In the recently unveiled plan to wire France for cable television—a project begging for popular participation if there ever was one—a handful of planners made the key decisions.

THOUGH the government has begun decentralizing administrative authority, it has had little success democratizing other institutions, such as education and the work place. A series of laws drawn up by the first employment minister, Jean Auroux, do increase workers' right to bargain, but stop far short of even the modest co-determination practiced in Germany. In part, though, this is because the French labor movement is so weak and divided. Organized labor represents only about a fourth of French workers, and the Communist-controlled Confédération Générale du Travail is the strongest single union.

After a year of relative labor peace, there have been strikes at Renault, Citroen, and in the iron and steel belt. For Mitterrand, 1983 is likely to be far more turbulent than 1982. Although his Communist coalition partners have been unexpectedly docile, and labor remarkably quiescent, the March municipal elections are widely expected to cost Socialists and Communists alike control of dozens of local governments. If the Communists calculate that their own interests are better served by leaving the Cabinet, this in turn would free the C.G.T. to oppose the government's labor policies more aggressively. There is also substantial sniping within the Socialist Party. Michel Rocard, the contemporary leader most often compared to the late Pierre Mendès-France, is openly critical of the government he serves and his personal popularity far exceeds Mitterrand's. Rocard and other moderate pragmatists openly criticize the government for relying too heavily on the state and on high technology, and for failing to get on with social reforms. Though virtually all French Socialists disdain "social democrats" as mere managers of capitalism, many of Mitterrand's Socialist critics fear that the expensive and ill-timed economic program of the first year leaves the government in precisely the position of a typical European social democratic regime. France is now facing a balance of payments deficit approaching 100 billion francs, and until economic recovery comes its domestic economy will remain in a state of structural crisis as well.

PRIVATELY, Socialist leaders say they have written off the 1983 municipal elections. The voters don't like Socialist recessions any better than conservative ones. The Socialists believe they have until the parliamentary elections of 1986 to improve the performance of the economy. Otherwise they are almost certain to be repudiated.

In his Versailles speech to the Western summit last June, entitled "Technology, Employment, and Growth," Mitterrand called for a politically coordinated strategy of worldwide recovery. The speech was not well received and the call was ignored. Eight months later American liberals are beginning to come around to the same point of view. It is far too easy for conservative or radical critics, in Europe or America, to say French Socialism hasn't worked. The reality is that nothing has worked—and nothing is likely to work until the world's industrial powers agree to some form of negotiated reflation, with a degree of administered trade to keep the Atlantic countries from competitively bargaining away hard-won social protections and decent wage levels.

The issues are posed more starkly in France because the French Socialists are determined to reconcile economic recovery with economic equity, a goal abandoned at least temporarily by most of the West. The issues are also starker because the constraints of an open economy are far clearer in Europe, constraints that Americans have only begun to appreciate. Whether the French succeed or fail, an American visitor must also be impressed by the way issues are framed here: the challenges of reconciling fiscal reform with social equity; of reconciling reindustrialization with adequate job creation; of devising negotiated trade relationships as an alternative to out-and-out trade war; of balancing economic planning with decentralization; of making national industry more competitive without turning the state over to private corporate interests. These are surely issues that Americans ought to be debating as well.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Oh, Brothers!

The Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio, are becoming jointly the Robert Altman of Italy. The three Taviani films that I've seen have strained to be stylish in three different styles, and two of them, including the latest, strained so hard that they slid from failure into offensiveness. The best of the three was *Padre Padrone* (TNR, January 21, 1978), made from the autobiography of a Sardinian who was illiterate until he was twenty, then fought his way to education and authorship. It was a good film that might have been better except for the nagging of its directors who kept trying to synthesize brutal naturalism with chic aestheticism—and only to draw attention to their prowess. Then came *Il Prato* (*The Meadow*), a picture of such indescribable tedium that I didn't try to describe it in these pages. This time the Taviani brothers went after contemporary *Angst*, and this time the style was time-lag Antonioni. I kept pleading with the film to get just a bit worse so that I could laugh instead of yawn and wriggle.

The Night of the Shooting Stars
(United Artists Classics)

Without a Trace
(20th Century-Fox)

Now comes still another style, the false naive. *The Night of the Shooting Stars* wants to be a quaint epic told in peasant "diction" with implications of tremendous themes. What we get is quaintsy hokum, transparently cagey. It's the story of a group of Tuscan townsfolk in 1944 who leave their town to escape vindictive murder by the retreating Germans and who try to find refuge with the advancing Americans. The mass epic is recounted by a woman who was six years old when she was in the group. This point of view is repeatedly traduced in the film because we see much that the child could not have witnessed and would not have understood if she had witnessed it. Thus the simplistic tone of the soundtrack narration is continually falsified, and the peasant-ballad intent becomes patently manipulative.

As the film begins, we hear the woman addressing someone she loves. Because it's in a bedroom and her terms of endearment are ambiguous, we are left to infer that she is with a lover—another falsehood. But we see neither her nor the other person—we look out the bedroom window at a sky of stars, a picture composed and colored like a mural in a cheap Neapolitan restaurant. Because we know that the Fratelli Taviani are experienced filmmakers, we know that this image is conscious slumming, and our response is soon certified by what happens when we move into the past. The innocence of a child's eyes, especially when looking at horrors, quickly degenerates into the craftiness of sophisticates.

With a group at the story's center, we of course get a cross section: heroes and cowards, sages and fools, common folk and eccentrics: a pregnant young bride, a classics-quoting scholar, a humble Sicilian maid who dreams of escaping to America. They all seem more familiar to us through films than through life, and for that reason we have a pretty good idea, fairly early, of what's going to happen to most of them. Soon the picture kept reminding me of wartime in an unintended way. During the war, posters were pasted in American bus and train stations and along highways, asking: Is This Trip Necessary? During *Night* I kept asking: Is This Film Necessary? After Rossellini's *Paisan*, De Sica's *Two Women*, Salce's *The Fascist*, Comencini's *Everybody Go Home!*—to name only a few—an Italian film on this subject at this late date takes on obligations of increment and illumination. *Night*, quintessentially, is not much more than rehash purportedly justified by its style.

Two sequences typify the film's veneered banality. The bishop in the town's cathedral wants to give communion but has no wafers. He takes an ordinary loaf of bread—and the minute he picks it up, we see the whole scene to come: he crumbles it into the salver, consecrates it, ministers to the communicants, then says it was the most sacred communion in which he has ever officiated. For obviousness—of dilemma, solution, conclusion, and execution—that sequence would be hard to surpass. Then, near the end, there's a bedroom scene between and old man and an old woman who are forced by circumstances to pose as man and wife in order to share the room. And, if that weren't cutesy enough, the Taviani boys make them a couple who have long been in love, have been separated by cruel fate, and who now go through a geriatric (though unconsecrated) wedding night.

One sequence—for me, only this one—cuts past fabrication into truth. All through the film, Italian Fascist militiamen have been killing people, presumably people whom they think are partisans. Prominent among the Fascists are an officer and his fifteen-year-old son. Ultimately the two are captured. The father pleads for his son's life, but the boy, who has been boyishly cold-blooded throughout, is shot. The father goes insane, retaining just enough control to put his rifle in his mouth and pull the trigger. The counterpoint of contradictions beneath the surface here underscore the surface quality of most of the picture.

Then, after three or four false endings—another Taviani hallmark—the camera pulls back through that initial bedroom window into the present, while the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Betrayal. Dexterous and fascinating. A lesser Pinter play performed and filmed so well that it becomes lustrous.

Parsifal. Wagner's (complete) work in H. J. Syberberg's idiosyncratic, teemingly imaginative version. Unorthodox and engrossing.

Sophie's Choice. Within this wobbly version of a bloated novel is Meryl Streep's lovely performance—the only reason to go, still Streep should be seen.

Tootsie. A clever concoction, inventively amusing, with Dustin Hoffman sparkling all the way.

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woman continues to narrate. At last we see her, the six-year-old now a woman, and we see that the person to whom she has been telling this whole story—of murder and revenge, bombings and blood—is her child. Her sleeping child! Well, at least the kid didn't hear any of the horrors (most of which the six-year-old couldn't have seen).

So the falsity of the film's naiveté is at least doubled. Far from being overwhelmed, I was left merely wondering where, stylistically, the Taviani brothers would strike next? Symbolism? Expressionism? Cubism? Tune in next year or so.

THE WORST of the plentiful faults in *Without a Trace* is that it won't give you a clear idea of Kate Nelligan's acting ability. *Eye of the Needle* showed us even less, the PBS series of *Thérèse Raquin* showed a bit more, but those who have not seen Nelligan on stage in David Hare's *Plenty* do not yet know her depth, subtlety, and strength.

Without a Trace is about the mother of a kidnapped child. The script, by Beth Gutcheon from her own novel, is patently, though obliquely, about the fearful story of Etan Patz, the Manhattan child who disappeared several years ago and has not yet been found. Gutcheon's novel, which I somehow neglected to read, was entitled *Still Missing*. Naturally that title doesn't apply to the film—not one in which millions have been invested.

The filmmakers can argue that some kidnapping stories do end as this film does. But those real-life stories don't have, as a rule, a chief investigating detective with a son exactly the same age as the missing child; don't quote jokes from *Young Doctors in Love*; don't get solved when the police finally pay attention to an old black woman whose telephone calls they have been neglecting because they consider her a religious nut. (If they had listened to her weeks earlier, the picture would have been mercifully shorter.)

A former producer, Stanley R. Jaffe, directed—badly. Example: Nelligan is seated at a piano, her back toward us. The camera glides toward her. Jaffe doesn't understand that, in a crime picture, a camera gliding toward someone's back, especially a lone woman, suggests an assailant. Which is not the case. Another example: at the finish, mother and long-lost child catch sight of each other at a distance in the street—Damn! I've given away the ending—and start running toward each other. Jaffe actually cuts from one to the other as they run, an idea so hackneyed that it's no longer even a suitable subject for parody.

Some of the scenes do stir visceral response because of the material, not the treatment. But it's all to no purpose, not even of a good story. The film just leaves us feeling used and abused.

And it leaves Nelligan pretty much where she was, as film actor. Everything she does here is quite conventional, even platitudinous, like the fade-out embrace of her child. It's hard to say firmly who is responsible for a slumberous performance by a truly gifted performer. Did Paul Newman coast through *Fort Apache the Bronx* because or in spite of his director? At least one point is plain: Nelligan's director here either didn't know that she was giving a singularly uninflected performance or else he didn't know how to help her out of it.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Broadway Slump

There's been an interesting run of features lately, initiated by *The New York Times* and picked up by other media organs, over what almost everyone (invoking shades of 1929) is calling the Broadway "slump." I say "almost everyone" because dissenters among Broadway producers and theater owners have inevitably rushed to counter this damaging impression with more positive statistics and such upbeat utterances as "There's nothing wrong with Broadway that a hit play won't cure." That's like claiming the South Bronx could become a prosperous gentrification site if someone would just put up a high-rise office building. Like the mess in the Bronx, the Broadway debris unfortunately won't be wished away; it lies there underfoot, conspicuous and troublesome, an accumulation of fast-closing shows, empty theaters, and barren horizons. So, instead of reviewing more falling masonry this week, I thought I'd ruminate on the rubble itself.

Citing new figures submitted by the League of New York Theaters and Producers, the *Times*'s most recent article corrects an earlier story, written in early January, which called the slump the worst in ten years. From the point of view of ticket sales, it's apparently the worst in only *six* years, and gross revenues this season, though less than last, will be considerably more than a decade ago. It's hard to take comfort from these revised statistics since they are based on inflationary mathematics (ticket prices have risen at a rate nearly twice that of inflation) and fail to show how two or three overpriced blockbusters are being made to balance out dozens of costly flops.

Broadway has long been the Las Vegas of the Northern latitudes, but even high rollers won't play against impossible odds. One reason so few shows are scheduled to open in coming weeks is that with backers so scarce, producers are having great difficulty in capitalizing their properties. *My One and Only*, for example—a Gershwin musical now estimated to come in at close to $5 million—was forced to delay rehearsals for months because it couldn't raise the backing, until it finally opened in Boston with more producers over the title than the directorate of a major conglomerate.

Investors have grown reluctant to commit their cash not just because of the high rate of risk, but also because even a substantial hit may not return any money. After everyone connected with the show has eaten his fill, with some artists gobbling a percentage of the gross in addition to their large weekly salaries, the various unions having feathered their beds, and the theater owner pocketing a sizable rental (which he negotiated with himself if he is also one of the producers), the individual backer may be left with an empty plate, even in the event of a large movie sale. A typical example of this kind of selective gorging is *Woman of the Year* which, though it has been running on Broadway for almost two years, has reputedly not yet returned a penny to its original investors.

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Any economy-minded businessman with money to invest in theater would undoubtedly be repelled by the wastefulness of Broadway. As a point of comparison, the $5 million budget of *My One and Only* plus box office would support a large permanent company and staff of an average-sized resident nonprofit theater for five seasons of thirty-five plays, not to mention the costs of its touring, teaching, and outreach programs. Why, one could run three new productions in repertory for six weeks just for the cost ($50,000) of the photograph of Twiggy and Tommy Tune used in the newspaper ads, while the estimated expense of their limousines ($100,000) could subsidize student discounts for a year. Obviously, Broadway and the nonprofit theater have little in common except a shared desire to produce plays, but it is ironic that the system run by hardheaded entrepreneurs is the one that is suffering most from extravagance and mismanagement.

It is conceivable that Broadway will recover from its slump, just as it is conceivable that supply-side economics and deficit defense spending will put an end to the recession and unemployment. But even in the event that the ailing economy should somehow begin to recover, it is unlikely that Broadway will ever achieve its former prosperity without serious reform and profound changes in its structure. A new political administration might turn the economy around by trying to resolve some of the contradictions of capitalism. But what will turn a clumsy behemoth like Broadway around? Unlike network television—another industry pretending to be a medium of entertainment while actually engaged in reducing risk and maximizing profits—the commercial theater can no longer guarantee any real returns no matter how it debauches culture, because, except in a few isolated cases, it is no longer satisfying either investors, reviewers, or audiences.

For unlike the networks, Broadway can offer no sure-fire commodities, even on the basis of past successes; each new show must be created and tested and sold for the first time. And with New York critics (rather than some mechanical rating system measuring consumer taste) determining success or failure, the odds against producing the kind of sensation required for survival are very high indeed. This accounts for the large number of foreign imports, particularly those already seen and reviewed in Great Britain, as well as for the number of pretested products imported from the resident theaters. It also accounts for the less dependable tactic (it helped *Merlin* a little, until the critics grew tired of waiting) of previewing a show at full prices indefinitely in the hope that the paying customers will patronize it without the dampening influence of critical intervention.

THE SYSTEM fails to work today, primarily because—with ticket highs hovering around $50 and the average price having risen from $8.33 ten years ago to $25 this year—the number of people who can afford Broadway's expensive luxury models is necessarily limited (even the discount booths in Times Square are primarily designed for shows that are doing badly or ending their runs). Imagine trying to sell a million Cadillacs, when only a fraction of the populace has the means to buy them! And imagine trying to sell these cars when the automobile critics are poised to identify substantial defects the moment the car appears in the showroom! As a labor-intensive industry where expenses are so high that it takes years to recover net income, Broadway just doesn't make sense any more, and it's a wonder anyone continues to invest money or hopes there.

It is not hard to predict what is going to happen in such an atmosphere. Competition is bound to grow more ferocious, and the capacity for daring and innovation will diminish to the vanishing point. Creative people will be treated as ruthlessly as in any large corporation where they fail to deliver the goods, and the scramble for survival will be guided only by the laws of the jungle. The number of Broadway shows will grow even smaller, attended primarily by tourists, the affluent, and those on expense accounts. Budgets and ticket prices will get higher, aspirations lower, while the hopes of the commercial theater will grow even more heavily dependent on the isolated blockbuster. There may be nothing wrong with Broadway that a hit play can't cure, but that is precisely what *is* wrong with Broadway. Until the theatrical system is willing to consider serious internal reform, its major value will be as a bleak reflection of the selfish opportunism of the larger political system, and of that system's visionary, spiritual, and economic failures.

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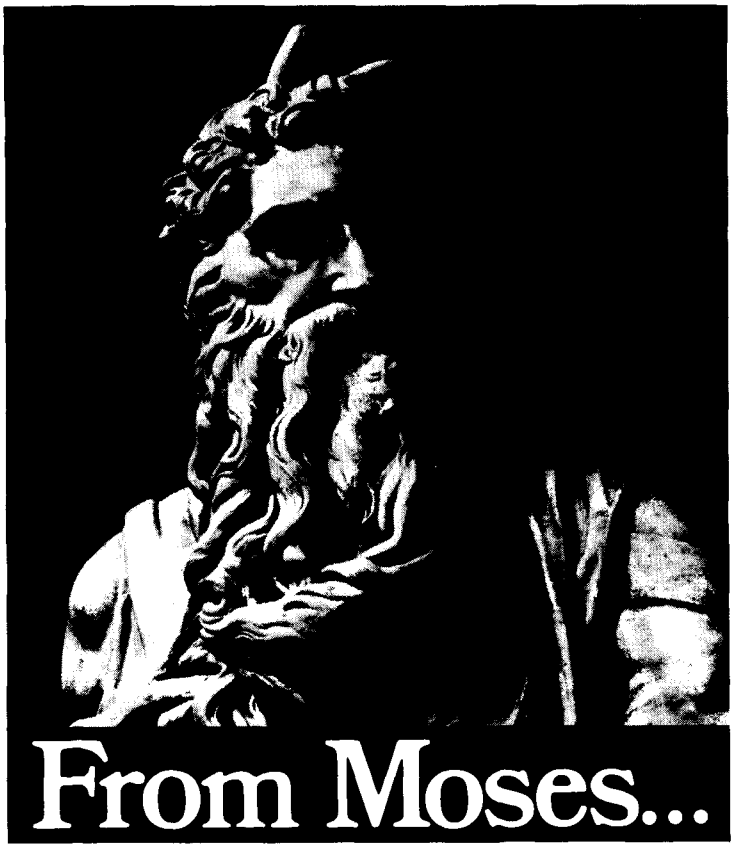

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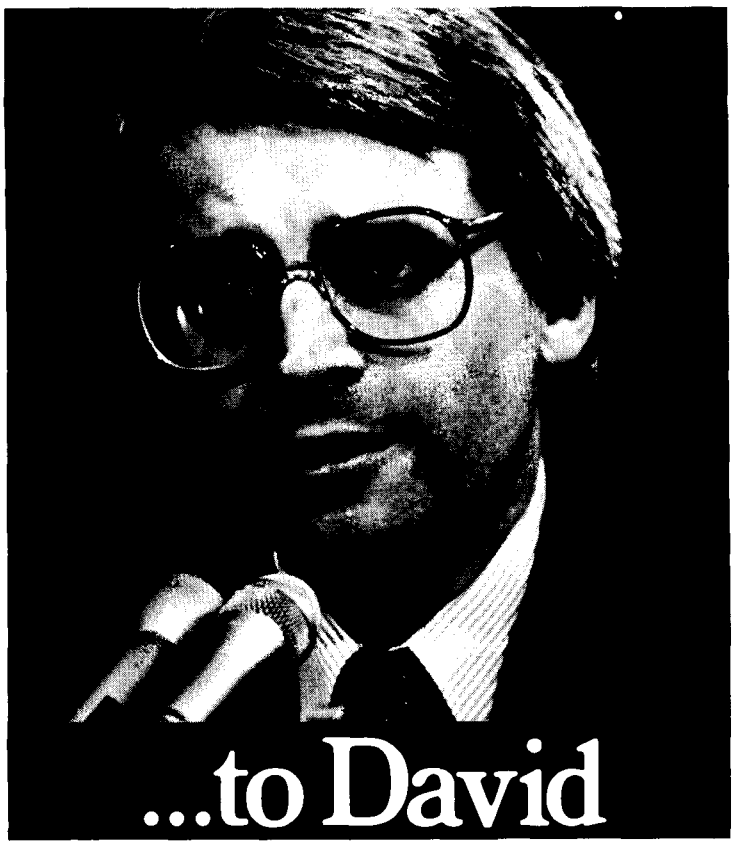

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In a retrospective exhibit, Georgia O'Keeffe chooses her Alfred Stieglitz.

THE ENTHRALLED PHOTOGRAPHER

BY RONALD PAULSON

Sun Rays—Paula—Berlin (1889), a very early Stieglitz photograph, shows the effect of sun rays through blinds cast on a wall; as every photograph must be, it is about light. "Paula," the human subject, sits writing at a table framed by four photographs of herself, one of a young man, three Valentine hearts, two landscapes, and as if these homely details were not enough, a pair of lovebirds in a cage.

Sunlight, the pictures on the walls, and the composition itself evoke Vermeer's sunlit interiors. Vermeer presides over the photograph, but the decor is Berlin 1889, not seventeenth-century Delft. And the photograph tells a story. Besides writing a love letter, Paula's turned away, self-absorbed face and the artful panoply of pictures suggest a relationship between lover and beloved in which the woman is more interested in her own photographic image than her lover's—or between the photographer and his subject, a relationship to which Stieglitz will always return. For those other photographs attached to the wall within the photograph (including a duplication and almost a reversal) make the photograph's theme photography itself. If so, then the demurely bonneted woman and the photographs of her dressed and undressed can be seen as an anticipation of a principle of photography that Stieglitz was to explore more profoundly than any photographer before him: I refer to the 300 photographs of Georgia O'Keeffe, as well as to very personal photographs of other women with whom he was emotionally involved. "Paula" also looks ahead to those portraits in which O'Keeffe is framed by her own works of art.

O'Keeffe chose the "key set" of Stieglitz's photographs, the "best" print of each negative in his possession at the time of his death, and donated them to the National Gallery, where a selection is now being shown. In some cases Stieglitz has cut different compositions out of the same negative, as in versions of *The Terminal* and *Winter—Fifth Avenue*. He wrote a lot about the variations the "artistic" photographer can bring out of a single negative, including the most minute shades of tonality, and the most significant work of his career was devoted to photographic theme-and-variations. This was the particular form "artistry" took for this extremely self-conscious and artful man. The notion of a "key set" chosen by his foremost sitter raises the question, *key for whom*? I cannot imagine that Stieglitz himself made these choices before his death; if not, were O'Keeffe's the correct ones? How did her choices affect the photographs of *herself*? Are choices desirable where the essential Stieglitz principle of difference depends on more than one version? What should be the range of the variants of a particular negative? If an exhibition of Rembrandt's or Goya's prints would have included variant states, why not this one?

MARSDEN HARTLEY, 1915-16. PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, ALFRED STIEGLITZ COLLECTION.

Alfred Stieglitz: Photographs and Writings (by Sarah Greenough and Juan Hamilton, National Gallery of Art and Callaway Editions, 246 pp., $75, $35 paper) is a monument rather than a catalogue, but then it follows the customary pattern of photograph catalogues. There is only the connoisseurship information of dimensions and medium. Any catalogue of the works of a painter would attempt to identify the figures and annotate the scene. The reproductions are placed as if in a collector's album, and the effect is, page for page, very beautiful, though the reproductions are marginally less crisp than those of the 1965 Boston Museum of Fine Arts catalogue. The photographs are followed by a selection of Stieglitz's published essays and letters on photography. The introductory essay is pious. What is needed now, thirty-five years after his death, is not sanctification but a thorough catalogue with the states of the

Ronald Paulson is professor of English at Yale University and author most recently of *Literary Landscape: Turner and Constable* (Yale University Press).

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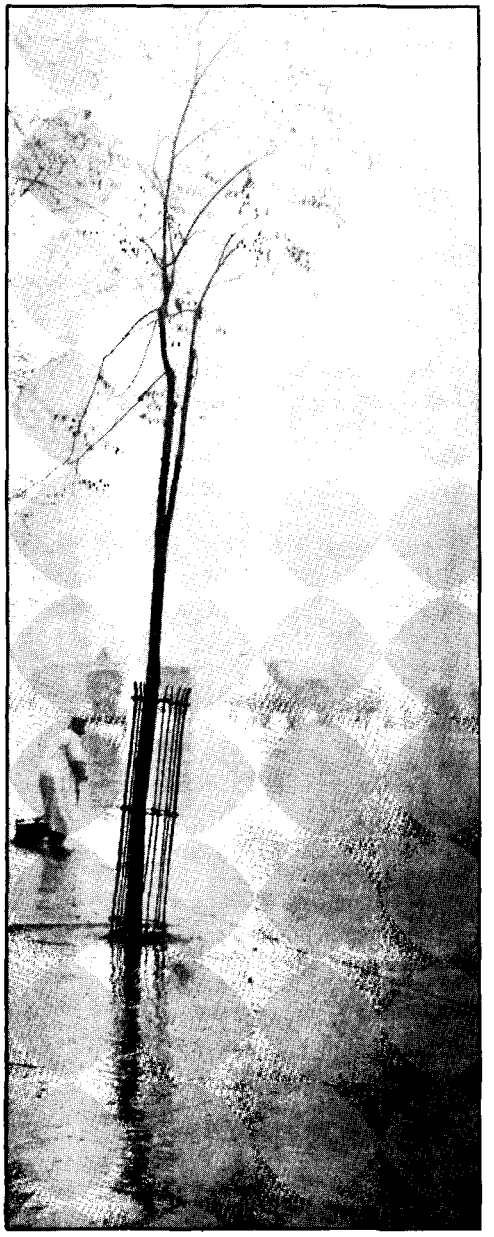
photographs, commentary, and a sober appraisal of their significance.

If the catalogue is a mausoleum, the biography by Stieglitz's niece, Sue Davidson Lowe (*Stieglitz: A Memoir/Biography*, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 456 pp., $25.50) is a pleasure trip—as informative as one could wish on his personal life. The personal (witness the *Daybooks* of Edward Weston) seems to be of special importance for the understanding of a photographer. Lowe's Stieglitz is far more comprehensible and likable than the Stieglitz transmitted by Dorothy Norman, one of the "young women" he took up when life with O'Keeffe began to be difficult (Norman does not come off well in Lowe's biography). This is Uncle Al as witnessed by youthful eyes and recalled by family lore and interviews with friends, but also the artist as researched in the voluminous Stieglitz archive at Yale.

Many of the personal details Lowe recounts illuminate the artist. He began piano lessons at nine but resisted the discipline: "What he loved was to linger over melody, to pound chords and race arpeggios, to pedal his way to an orchestral swell." In all his reminiscences "he was a loner, then and always, working in isolation and basically against the mainstream." Though his ideas about art kept pace with the times, he retained the romantic stance of misunderstood artist all his days. It seems that he was "a spellbinding raconteur of his exploits with 'women,'" and told all his descendants, especially the female, the story of his first sexual experience—with a prostitute. He and O'Keeffe flaunted uninhibited sexuality before the young Sue and the rest of Stieglitz's extended family in the summers on Lake George. Lowe mentions his youthful discovery in Vienna of the most sensuous of all Rubens's nudes, the artist's young wife Hélene Fourment enfolded in furs.

These facts bear on the question the exhibition and catalogue attempt to address, Stieglitz's importance in the history of American art. The biography gives one part of the answer in its step-by-step documentation of how he established photography as a fine art, the photographer as "artist." He was a great entrepreneur and publicist of both photography and contemporary art (showing Picasso, Matisse, and numerous other artists for the first time to Americans); his publications and galleries take up as much space in his life as his photographs.

It is easy, a century later, to overlook the ground-breaking effect of Stieglitz's early photographs: his exploitation of the hand camera, his walks through New York, and the pictures taken at night, in the rain, in snow, or at night in a downpour or a blizzard. He was reacting in both photographs and polemics "against the mainstream" of the posed, composite "academic" realism he associated with Henry Peach Robinson's pseudo-paintings. As Lowe puts it, he used "the small hand-held camera as a worthy instrument for recording instants of real life straightforwardly against all the academic tenets."



SPRING SHOWERS, 1901

But of course we see not a snapshot but an eternal moment, the Flatiron Building or Fifth Avenue as "art." Stieglitz has simply substituted one type of painting for another. Artistry is writ large on these photographs that in many cases served as illustrations for his written arguments in *Camera Notes* and *Camera Work*. In these essays "artistic" ("truly artistic photograph," "artistic instinct") is the word he applies most often to photography. His accomplishment was to keep abreast of the times, substituting impressionism for the realistic academic painting he ridiculed, and then moving on to the advanced art of his day, various forms of analytic cubism, and finally in his cloud "equivalents" to organic abstraction of the Kandinsky sort. His little stable of five or six painters regularly hung in his galleries (Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, Charles Demuth, O'Keeffe, John Marin) correspond to the modes or styles of art he felt photography's affinities to be with. These found their equivalents in the phases of his own work and were passed on to at least two generations of American photographers. In other words, he fixed photography within a kinetic, not a static, tradition of *ut pictura poesis* (as painting, so photography) more flexible and au courant but not different in kind from Peach Robinson's.

It is not that painting is like photography but that one tends to become in practice the model for the other. It was Stieglitz's limitation to use contemporary painting, however advanced, as his model for the photograph rather than realizing that the situation might, to the benefit of photography, be reversed. What the notion of the "artistic photographer" kept him from realizing in his theory and most of his practice was that the photographer can also (in the snapshot as well as the time-exposure) *upset* our notions of academic or conventional form and genre, and so produce a model for painters to follow (as with Manet and Degas in the nineteenth century). It can base its formal principles on the quotidian use of the camera—on documentary, medical, or official photographs—or on the sheer accident of the snapshot.

As to Stieglitz's own photographs: I distrust prize-winners, and Stieglitz won 150 prizes for his photographs. This tells us that technically and synthetically he was a superb craftsman. It also suggests that he remained in some sense academic at each stage of his career; or at least that he exerted more control over his camera

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and his object than other photographers. If he was one of photography's great masters, he was its Raphael, not its Michelangelo or Rembrandt. *The Flatiron Building* or *Spring Showers* are beautiful and unexceptionable; by unexceptionable I mean that nothing is wrong with them. Such works are often awarded prizes after the exceptionable photographs have been eliminated. My thesis is that the great photographs are the exceptionable ones.

COMPARE Stieglitz's *Flatiron Building*, for example, with that of Alvin Langdon Coburn, a disciple of Stieglitz. Coburn's has lost all spatial articulation and appears to be on the same plane as the strange figures jutting up like spears of grass from the street. Perhaps Stieglitz's *Flatiron Building* suggests something between a Monet and a Whistler, while Coburn's recalls the street scenes of Kirchner and the German Expressionists of *Die Brücke*. When painting styles are evoked, the choice is a matter of taste—Coburn only being the more avant-garde. But his photograph also pulses with life and energy, and the pair of globes of a streetlamp hovering like twin suns or a pair of eyes above the people on the street, just this side of the tall dark monolith, is unforgettable. Stieglitz, seeking repose, makes sure there are no people about, no chancy or obtrusive objects that might break his mood.

Most of Stieglitz's portraits seem official, a little dull, when compared with Coburn's, whose Mark Twain is off center, as askew as his Washington Square; and Henry James is only a great bald skull in profile. But they are as definitive images as a Titian Charles V, a Holbein Henry VIII, or a Van Dyck Charles I. For one thing, many of Stieglitz's portraits are of his official "family," the artists he sponsored and the writers whose views he regarded as in line with his own: they are *his* artists and writers, and share a homogeneous quality, all merging into respectable dignity (Dove and Demuth, at least, are almost interchangeable). With the large exception of the O'Keeffe portraits, the one Stieglitz portrait that stands up against Coburn's is Marsden Hartley, Stieglitz's most recalcitrant painter, with his dandyish twisted scarf, swathed in a greatcoat and peering out from under his fedora with his haunted or scared eyes.

From the early days the personal pronoun "my" figures largely in his photographs. From the early *Sunday Afternoon—From My Window* or *From My Window, New York, 1912*, to the series taken *From the Back Window—291*, the "my" becomes "the" but still designates what is essentially a Stieglitz-eye view. The focus generally becomes sharper, more reportorial as he weans himself from the pictorial tradition to this more precise sense of what the photograph is: a particular thing chosen to be seen and recorded by a particular person for a personal reason. So also the ironic and pompous titles, *Spiritual America* (on a harnessed gelding), *The City of Ambition* (New York skyline), disappear, and dark lines like the one drawn around *The Steerage* (as close to a textbook photograph as I can recall, accompanied by Stieglitz's brilliant formal analysis) are dropped, and what Stieglitz shows is what *he* sees. These are not just the views from his New York windows but also his Lake George estate, the artists he showed at his galleries, the writers with whom he associated himself—and finally the young women on whom he had crushes.

BUT FOR STIEGLITZ the "artistic" photograph means the controlled photograph. He experiences the occasional serendipity, as in the double exposure of Dorothy True, her face, the left eye, nose, and mouth, showing through the dark calf of her leg. He chose to preserve this negative and develop it, but he did not turn the accident into practice; other photographers made careers out of such superimpositions and called them surrealism or fashion photography. For Stieglitz an accident was interesting, worth preserving, but not worth submitting to. Reality was fine when (as in *The Steerage*) it conformed to the formal principles of painting. For Stieglitz reality did not involve very much contingency.

What Stieglitz did grasp was the necessity of the photographic series, and his assumptions about "artistic photography" stood him in good stead when he arranged variations on a theme. Stieglitz photographed not only the series of views of the same building rising in construction, and the series of cloud studies he called *Equivalents*, but also the most cathected of objects, the women he loved. Lowe tells us that he had considered "making a motion picture to reveal the whole emotional range of a woman's life through alternating close-ups of her nude body with footage of clouds in motion." As in the *Equivalents*, Stieglitz often talked about photographs as "equivalents" to states of mind—presumably he meant the photographer's, but there is inevitably a tug-of-war between the artist who wants—slightly ridiculously, we may think—to see his states of mind in those clouds and the clouds imposing upon the artist arbitrary states of mind determined only by themselves.

ONE OF THE striking images in the National Gallery exhibition is *Georgia Engelhard* (1922), a nude perched in an uncomfortable position on a window holding a bunch of apples near her breasts. On the wall of the exhibition, but not reproduced in the catalogue (it is number 30 in the 1965 B.M.F.A. catalogue), you can see another *Georgia Engelhard* of 1920 in a sailor suit, a pudgy girl of twelve. She was fourteen in 1922, when the nude photograph was taken, and, we learn from Lowe's biography, Stieglitz's niece, one of those young girls with whom he established a Lewis Carroll sort of relationship. The photograph also asks to be seen in the context of Georgia Engelhard's own account, in which she tells (without mentioning that she was nude) how Stieglitz posed her

> sitting on the very edge of a cottage window, bending over with an armful of apples clutched to my bosom as if I were just about to leap up. At best a difficult pose to hold even for a few minutes, but . . . for more than an hour [I had] no respite. . . . When I became cramped and tried to shift my position, or when I wriggled because a fly was slowly parading down my face, he would roar at me until I was ready to weep with rage and discomfort. The result of all this agony, however, was a perfect picture.

A very strange one, certainly. The photograph has caught the tension: she is as tightly wound up as a spring, but the only credit we can give Stieglitz as "artistic photographer" is if he intended to produce an incongruous variation on Edvard Munch's *Puberty*. Whether Engelhard is posing as Harvest Plenty or Ceres (Why nude? We ask, why the apples? Why held—not to her breast as Engelhard remembered but—to her womb?), the sense of a particular girl cramped into this "artistic" pose, possibly by the prurience of the photographer, is the "photographic" center of the image.

The duration of the sitting and the "roar" of the photographer when the sitter moved tell us something about Stieglitz and the relation of the photographer to his sitter. O'Keeffe's complaints of the endless time taken sitting for Stieg-

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litz are even more eloquent. There are portraits in which her fingers have moved slightly, a sign of her impatience or failure that the photographer has retained. Stieglitz rejected the traditional head-rest of the sitter (which he called the "Iron Virgin") but added to the control involved in taking any photograph the further, more purely physical control of the sitter while he took the photograph. The drama of these photographs lies in the remarkable tension between the reciprocal powers of subject and object in the photographic agon. In a painting the sitter or the landscape has no power of its own and is simply represented—can be made totally the occasion for a painting. In the photograph the intractable object is full of surprises, and the photographer can either elide the surprise with his brush or accept the accident and let it reveal new formal possibilities; he can (if, for example, he is in love with it) let the object master him.

STIEGLITZ'S masterpiece, it is generally accepted (and was from the time they were first exhibited), remains the series of photographs, taken at all hours of the day and night, of Georgia O'Keeffe. These photographs still derive from painting and sculpture: he fragments her, now isolating her head or face, or part of her face, now her nude torso or pelvis or breasts, most strikingly and lovingly (and formally) her hands. The mode is Rodin's, and like Rodin's small plaster body parts, O'Keeffe's hands could be turned whichever way the viewer desired. As part of a series these fragments did not exist separately without the common element of Georgia O'Keeffe—as she was at a certain time on a certain day, clothed or unclothed, posing or not posing, happy or sad, or aging. O'Keeffe tells the story of the men who came up to Stieglitz after his first exhibition of O'Keeffe's photographs and asked him to do the same with their wives and girl friends.

> If they had known what a close relationship he would have needed to have to photograph their wives or girl friends the way he photographed me—I think they wouldn't have been interested.

If what Stieglitz so signally lacked was the naive anthropologist's eye of August Sander or the innocent nine-year-old eye of Jacques-Henri Lartigue, he came closest to having an eye of his own when he looked day after day at O'Keeffe. What distinguishes the O'Keeffe photographs is both the eye of the lover, the photographer who has a personal stake and exposes himself vis-à-vis his sitter, and the woman who is remarkable and allowed to be so. At least half of the impact is due to O'Keeffe's presence: her face, ranging from serene to joyous to (in the most marvelous of all, *A Portrait I*, 1918) complete vulnerability in early-morning dishevelment; her poise, gestures, and earthy grace, all embodying restrained passion; and her own artistry, which in almost every photograph holds the other contingent qualities in check. For not only lover faces lover but artist faces artist. She is nude as a model and as a lover are nude, but (Lowe's biography tells us) she painted nude during the summers, sometimes chasing off the peeping-Tom nieces and nephews. And while Stieglitz was photographing the erotic centers of her body, she was herself painting flowers and New Mexico rock formations as body symbols and sometimes standing in front of them for her photographer.

Now the relationship between artist and subject has come full circle. The cover of the catalogue shows O'Keeffe's hands that chose the "key set" in the first place and undoubtedly (though this is denied by the co-author of the catalogue) exerted some influence on the selection of the photographs and texts for the exhibition. O'Keeffe herself appearing at the opening of the exhibition is the final act in the drama of the photographer and his sitter or, in larger terms, the photographer and his material, showing how the object seen will always, despite Stieglitz's claims to the contrary, dominate him in a way it does not the painter or sculptor—not just outlive him but have the last word.

THE SECRETS OF WOUNDED KNEE

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse
by Peter Matthiessen

(Viking, 704 pp., $20.95)

In June, 1975, on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota, two F.B.I. agents and some Indians got into a gunfight in which one Indian and both agents were killed. Other F.B.I. agents, the Bureau of Indian Affairs police, and what Indians describe as the tribal chairman's "goon squads" surrounded the area within a suspiciously short time, but the Indians escaped into the hills. During succeeding months they were hunted down, and four were eventually indicted. One was freed because of weak evidence, two were acquitted. The fourth, Leonard Peltier, was extradited from Canada, tried, and convicted. The most damning evidence against him was provided by a mentally incompetent Indian woman who had been coached by the F.B.I, and who later retracted her testimony.

Law enforcement people, by Peter Matthiessen's findings, are satisfied that justice has been done to Peltier, who is now serving consecutive life terms. Indians who knew him think he is a victim, a martyr, an Indian patriot "in the spirit of Crazy Horse." And Matthiessen's painstaking reconstruction of the violence at Oglala, his careful profiles of participants in the shoot-out and the trials, his scrutiny of the evidence, including some that he thinks was cooked by the F.B.I., is more than a piece of detective work on a confused and complex case. It is an important and angry book that belongs on the shelf containing *A Century of Dishonor, Custer Died for Your Sins,* and *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.*

What was the F.B.I. doing on the Pine Ridge, where it technically had no business? It had been there ever since 1973, when activists of the American Indian Movement (A.I.M.), with support from traditional reservation Indians and scores of Indian sympathizers from other tribes, occupied the town of Wounded Knee and held it against besieging U.S. marshals. Why had those Indians taken over Wounded Knee? Primarily to try to force the ouster of the tribal chairman, Richard Wilson, who with B.I.A. support and a goon squad had created a little banana-republic oligarchy that terrorized the reservation and grew fat on nepotism and

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graft. And how was a tribal chairman elected by no more than 15 percent of the tribe able to make himself a dictator? Ah, that is rooted in a complicated history that must be understood at least in outline before Matthiessen's book or the case it discusses can be comprehended. The history is there in Matthiessen, passim. It can be corroborated in Alvin Josephy's recent, and admirable, *Now That the Buffalo's Gone* (Knopf).

Go back to 1871. Except for some death throes such as those of the Sioux and the Nez Percés, the Indians are defeated. By the end of the 1870s they are safely put away on reservations. In 1871 the United States officially ceased dealing with any tribe as a sovereign nation. Indians were supposed to become Americans, and so disappear.

In 1887, in an attempt to "solve the Indian problem," the Dawes Allotment Act divided the reservations into individual plots, one for each tribe member, and put the remaining lands up for auction. Unaccustomed to—actually opposed to—private ownership of land, Indians were thrown into a game whose rules they didn't know, with a crooked dealer and marked cards, and with bouncers at hand in case they made trouble. Debt-ridden Indians let their lands go to white buyers.

In the fifty years after passage of the Dawes Act, ninety million acres of Indian land went out of Indian hands. Many Indians got swept—as trash—into the mainstream. Many reservations, including the Pine Ridge, were so checker-boarded with white freeholds and leaseholds that tribal communities were shattered. And all this time Indian children were being forcibly taken away from the influence of their parents and the tribal medicine men and sent off to boarding schools to be educated, or half-educated, as whites. Matured, they had a choice between life as second-class Americans on the fringes of white society, or a depressed life on the reservation poor farm.

The Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, designed to give Indians a chance to reclaim their religious and cultural life, restore their half-lost religious ceremonies, and regain a degree of pride, had some of those effects, but had others, too. As Josephy says, tribes got self-government by *permission*, in the unfamiliar forms of representative democracy, with constitutions written by white lawyers, and with the B.I.A. sitting over them like an occupation authority with veto powers. Many Indians simply did not participate. Tribal councils were dominated by white-educated Indians, often known as "breeds," agreeable to the B.I.A. and frequently corrupt, though rarely as corrupt as Richard Wilson on Pine Ridge.

Then the Eisenhower Administration, in the early 1950s, returned to the assimilation goal. Its "termination" policy proposed ending all federal relations with (and responsibility for) the tribes, terminating all treaty obligations, and turning over the reservations to the states in which they were situated—precisely the places where land greed and racial discrimination were strongest. Termination lasted only until 1958, when it was perceived to be a disaster. Back to the poor farm, poorer than before.

BUT IN THE 1960s and 1970s, the decades Matthiessen focuses on, Indians began to stir, roused by the civil rights movement and the realization that their poor farms contained a lot of the gas and oil, much of the strippable coal, and half the uranium in the country. Their resources in the past had been leased away for a song, in contracts without escalation clauses, by the B.I.A. The "Declaration of Indian Purpose," enunciated in Chicago in 1961, demanded the right of the tribes to participate in all decisions affecting their welfare. Pan-Indianism grew, a movement for Indian sovereignty grew, militant organizations such as A.I.M. drew support from many of the young, footloose, and demoralized Indians of the cities.

Through the 1970s a series of court decisions enforced restitution to Indian tribes for land and water unrightfully seized. The Penobscots and Passamaquoddys in Maine got a historic settlement. Taos Pueblo was given back its sacred Blue Lake and 48,000 acres of forest land. The Pyramid Lake Paiutes and the Papagos of Arizona won back water that meant their life.

Inevitably, there were confrontations. In November 1968 Indians seized Alcatraz Island, demanding that that abandoned federal prison in San Francisco Bay be converted into an Indian cultural center. The next year, Indians unsuccessfully tried to seize another abandoned federal facility, Fort Lawson, in Seattle. Sioux demonstrated on top of Mt. Rushmore, calling for the return of the Black Hills, holy ground that the treaty of 1868 had guaranteed to the tribe forever. Hundreds of Indians participated in the "Trail of Broken Treaties," converging on Washington in three caravans in October, 1972. Interior Department bungling and hedging eventually infuriated the marchers so that they took over and badly damaged the B.I.A. building, and a bloody fight was barely averted.

The B.I.A. building affair made lurid headlines. Others even more lurid were

THE HUMMER

First he drew a strike zone
on the toolshed door, and then
he battered against it all summer
a balding tennis ball, wetted
in a puddle he tended under
an outdoor faucet: that way
he could see, at first, exactly
where each pitch struck.
Late in the game the door
was solidly blotched and
calling the corners was fierce
enough moral work for any
man he might grow up to be.
His stark rules made it hard
to win, and make him finish
any game he started, no matter
if he'd lost it early.
Some days he pitched
six games, the last in dusk,
in tears, in rage, in the blue
blackening joy of obsession.
If he could have been also
the batter, he would have been,
trying to stay alive. Twenty-
seven deaths a game and all
of them his. For a real game
the time it takes is listed
in the boxscore, the obituary.
What he loved was mowing
them down. Thwap. Thwap.
Then one thwap low and outside.
And finally the hummer.
It made him grunt to throw it,
as if he'd tried to hold it
back, but it escaped. Thwap.

WILLIAM MATTHEWS

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already being prepared on the Pine Ridge. In February, 1972, an Oglala named Raymond Yellow Thunder had been stripped, humiliated, and finally killed by drunken whites in Gordon, Nebraska. A.I.M.'s most militant leaders, Dennis Banks and Russell Means, invaded Gordon with 1,300 Indians and forced the arrest of two men and the suspension of a policeman. That got them a lot of support on the reservation. It also made them look dangerous. The B.I.A. enlarged its support of tribal chairman Wilson and gave him money to form a goon squad for extra policing. That drove traditionalists and radicals even closer together.

THEY WERE together in Custer, South Dakota, after a white man killed an Oglala named Wesley Bad Heart Bull. They caused a riot in Custer, and another in Rapid City, demanding the arrest of the murderer. Very shortly, U.S. marshals began arriving in Pine Ridge, with F.B.I. observation teams, to protect B.I.A. buildings from anticipated attack. Soon after that, on February 26, 1973, A.I.M. and its reservation supporters took over Wounded Knee, that town of bad vibes where the U.S. Army had killed 300 Sioux men, women, and children in 1890.

After the siege was lifted on May 8, A.I.M. Indians and their supporters from the Oglala Sioux Civil Rights Organization, were kept under observation by the F.B.I., and were harassed by B.I.A. police and Wilson's goons. Two OSCRO leaders, Pedro Bissonette and Byron DeSersa, were murdered, and beatings and murders became so common that someone retaliated and ambushed a pair of goons. Matthiessen says that in a year there were upwards of a hundred murders, many of them unsolved and unpunished crimes, on the Pine Ridge.

The F.B.I.'s zeal to put away the troublemakers hit a snag in the Minneapolis trials of Banks and Means on assorted charges: the F.B.I. so flagrantly tampered with witnesses, suppressed and invented evidence, and set spies on the defense that the outraged judge threw the cases out. And on the reservation the attempt to drive a wedge between A.I.M. and the traditionalists failed when many A.I.M. leaders slipped into the reservation for sweat lodge and sun dance ceremonies and found a new and more spiritual bond with the longhairs, or "skins."

That was why they were at Crow Dog's Paradise in June, 1975, when the F.B.I. agents drove in and somebody started shooting. There were a lot of Indians there—Navajos, an Eskimo girl, a Micmac from Canada, a Paiute from Duck Lake, as well as Oglalas. Some were shooting, some only trying to get away. None will say, if they know, who executed the wounded agents, but all say Peltier did not. Though Peltier had a police record, like many rootless city Indians, he had given up drinking and devoted himself to the good of his people. To many Indians he is a kind of saint. To the F.B.I. he was a cop killer, and Matthiessen finds reason to believe that it manufactured the evidence that got him extradited from Canada, and put damning evidence into the mouth of Myrtle Poor Bear, the only witness who testified that she saw Peltier shoot the agents. She later repudiated her testimony, but it stuck nevertheless. Matthiessen thinks it stuck because the F.B.I. and the prosecutors were determined to have a conviction, and determined that an A.I.M. leader should take the rap.

WAS THE F.B.I. implacably after a presumed cop killer? Or did it truly think these embittered Indians who said they didn't want to be citizens of the United States were Communists? Or did the government fear that A.I.M. influence on the reservation might endanger the process of oil and coal leasing? Like many questions raised by this book, those go unanswered. So does the question of who murdered Anna Mae Aquash, the Micmac woman who was present at Oglala. Her body was found later beside a lonely road, shot in the head. Was she killed by Wilson's goons? Or by A.I.M. sympathizers who mistook her for an F.B.I. informant? Or perhaps even by the F.B.I., because she knew too much?

These are alarming speculations; yet they cannot be avoided, because of the manipulation of evidence by the F.B.I. in the Minneapolis trials of Means and Banks and the extradition proceedings against Peltier. And there is another speculation, even more ominous, that derives from the testimony of a convict named Robert Hugh Wilson (Standing Deer), who for a while was a fellow prisoner of Peltier's in the Marion Penitentiary in Illinois. Standing Deer testified, on oath, that he was called into the warden's office and told by the warden and "a stranger" that the authorities would wipe out seven indictments against him in Oklahoma, all of them

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serious, if he would murder Leonard Peltier in prison. Standing Deer accepted the offer. But while maneuvering to get next to Peltier and prepare for the murder, he fell under the spell of Peltier's saintly, unselfish personality, and warned him instead.

An unlikely story, its source a hardened criminal. But he risked a good deal to tell it, and Matthiessen on investigation found that the Oklahoma indictments had indeed been dropped, without explanation. Just as mysteriously, supposed cop killer Peltier was transferred from maximum-security Marion to the minimum-security prison at Lompoc, in California. There, in an escape attempt that Matthiessen suggests was connived by the authorities, he was saved from being shot only because a companion recklessly took the fire. Was that a substitute murder scheme devised when Standing Deer failed to come through? In the United States of America, do prison authorities and the F.B.I. plan covert murders of people whose influence they fear? Matthiessen does not say. But he has shown us F.B.I. agents prompting witnesses and manufacturing and suppressing evidence, and the suggestion is that they may have done worse. Matthiessen clearly believes Standing Deer's story, as most Indians do.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse is neither an easy nor a comforting book, but it is an urgent one, and it will stir up a storm. In the course of examining the Peltier case, Matthiessen reviews the whole history of Indian activism in the 1960s and 1970s. He does not condone violence, and one gathers that he does not much like either Russell Means or Dennis Banks, A.I.M.'s most visible leaders. But Matthiessen is entirely sympathetic to the Indian cause, he respects Indian spirituality, he believes that the greatest contribution of A.I.M. was that it brought back to their own traditions the uprooted and "assimilated" Indians of the cities, and united them with the stubborn traditionalists of the reservation. In that, if in anything, there is hope for Indians and for Indian sovereignty over their own affairs.

Meanwhile, Leonard Peltier sits in prison. If he helped shoot the agents, he may belong there. If he shot in self-defense, his guilt is less clear. If he was railroaded because the F.B.I. needed revenge, it is less clear yet. But there are so many shadows on this case that justice—to Peltier and to all Indians—would seem to call for a judicial review of the racially biased trials and of the dubious role of the F.B.I.

WALLACE STEGNER

Wallace Stegner's latest book is *One Way to Spell Man* (Doubleday).

A CLIMATE OF CREATIVITY

Ministers of Reform: The Progressives' Achievement in American Civilization, 1889-1920 by Robert M. Crunden

(Basic Books, 307 pp., $17.95)

As Robert M. Crunden reminds us in this insightful and rigorously thematic book, few periods of American history have been more diversely or self-consciously creative than the years between the founding of Hull House in 1889 and the rejection of the League of Nations in 1920. Out of those fervor-packed decades emerged a set of attitudes and actions long known, and once extolled, as the Progressive Movement. This "movement" touched virtually every nerve center of American life, and by the return to "normalcy" in 1921 it had expanded the century-old foundations of the modern political, cultural, and economic order and erected the middle tiers of its superstructure.

In music and architecture the progressive impulse fused form and content. In philosophy and social thought it undermined the old absolutes. In public administration it wed the "art" of leadership to the "hard data" of the social sciences. And in politics it transformed government into a continuously interventionist force—most dramatically under Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, but most pervasively under thousands of state and local functionaries from Governor "Fighting Bob" La Follette in Wisconsin to Mayor "Golden Rule" Jones in Toledo.

As historians have remarked ad nauseam, progressivism's political constituency was so varied and its purposes so disparate that its emphases were often paradoxical and its consequences frequently ironic. Even as progressives instituted the direct election of United States Senators, they acquiesced in the disfranchisement of Negroes; even as they adopted the initiative, recall, and referendum, they constricted the power of the urban masses and lower class Southern whites; even as they extended suffrage to women, they wrote biological inferiority into law through protective labor legislation. For all their democratic rhetoric, moreover, they delegated much incremental policymaking to a new professional elite: sanitation and highway engineers; public health physicians, nurses, and social workers; economists, accountants, and school officials; and the appointed members of score upon score of city, state, and federal regulatory agencies.

This burgeoning army of bureaucrats —or public servants—made society a shade more equitable and considerably more livable. The regulators brought a measure of protection to consumers and imperfect order to the political economy, though not without favor to this or that interest. The educators raised the literacy rate of blacks from 43 to 77 percent between 1890 and 1920 and that of second-generation immigrants in the cities well above the level of old stock whites in the countryside. Agents of the Rockefeller Foundation and the revitalized United States Public Health Service launched successful campaigns against those ancient curses of the rural or lowland South: hookworm, malaria, and pellagra. Most crucial, since the number of people living in cities passed the farm and small-town population for the first time during World War I, public health officers forced the residents of overcrowded metropolises to submit to controls that radically reduced the incidence of tuberculosis, typhoid, and diptheria. By 1920 or thereabouts urban life had become healthier in some respects than rural life. Yet even in this apparent moment of triumph, planners had largely lost the struggle for the one measure that bid to stay the cities' eventual decline—uniform taxation of city and suburbs.

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The creative fervor infused businessmen alike. As Alfred D. Chandler has brilliantly shown in *The Visible Hand*, innovative corporation leaders literally forged a revolution in distribution and merchandizing. Turning Adam Smith's laws of the marketplace on their side, the "visible hand" of the new managerial elite destroyed local and regional monopolies, created millions of white-collar jobs, and spun off or spurred formation of incalculably more small businesses than it wiped out. In the process, it reduced the workweek in manufacturing almost a full day, raised real wages markedly, and generated much of the private and public capital for the nation's mushrooming social overhead: schools, parks, libraries, hospitals, museums, roads, bridges, water and sewer mains, police and fire departments, and an embryonic state and local welfare system. By the mid-1920s, indeed, it had created what Ellis Hawley aptly terms the world's "first industrial economy geared to the production of consumer durables and cultural fare for the masses."

MORE DARKLY, this same visible hand made virtual automatons of three generations of factory workers. It widened the gulf between rich and poor by keeping wages lower than capital needs warranted or increases in productivity justified until the eve of The Great Crash. It slowed the growth of social overhead by making tax avoidance settled corporate—and personal—policy. And in spite of a move toward corporate welfarism by some companies, it more or less fixed the adversarial character of American labor relations by holding to historic patterns of legal and extralegal repression.

Nor was that all. At the very time "progressive" psychologists were hailing the new behaviorism as a socially liberating force, "progressive" advertisers were transforming it into a medium of consumer seduction. By the end of the Progressive Era the corps of editors, lawyers, and lobbyists Roosevelt had denounced in 1908 as "apologists for successful dishonesty . . . who move as the strings are pulled" had become a legion; and by the end of the 1920s a disproportionately high number of the country's finest young minds had been co-opted by essentially manipulative pursuits. "You know the quality of the lads that come to this school," Harvard law professor Felix Frankfurter wrote privately in 1924—"the best there are in the country. And yet, on the whole, a pretty crass materialism is their dominating ambition."

Meanwhile, to a degree not measurable, the new corporatism strengthened the most striking paradox of the era: a pronounced decline in voter participation. Along with other impersonalizing factors, the shift of control to men whose faces were as invisible as their hands were visible convinced many workers that their economic destiny was beyond the power of the ballot box to change; in extraordinarily high numbers the lower and lower middle classes dropped out of the political process. From 1896 to 1920 the turnout of eligible voters in Presidential elections declined from 79 to 49 percent, and in state and local elections it fell even more. Not until after the New Deal had proven the power of government to affect workers' lives directly did economic issues stimulate an upsurge in 1936, and then it was but 4.1 percent—2.5 percent less than the *fallout* in the celebrated "Bull Moose" campaign of 1912.

BEGINNING WITH the pioneering studies of Presidential progressivism by Arthur Link and George Mowry in the 1950s, progressivism has acted as a magnet on historians of bold pen and large design, to say nothing of students of the particular. From the conspiracy-ridden works of Gabriel Kolko through the path-breaking, if somewhat mechanistic, organizational syntheses of Samuel P. Hays and Robert Wiebe, scarcely an aspect of the period has escaped scrutiny. More than two decades ago Henry May established that the revolution in morals that Frederick Lewis Allen ascribed to the 1920s began before World War I. Others have since charted the growing acceptance of divorce and birth control, the rise of radical feminism, and a host of other phenomena. Even Prohibition, which so discerning an intelligence as that of the late Richard Hofstadter dismissed as a "pinched, parochial substitute for reform," has been revealed to have had a rational and cosmopolitan dimension.

Unfortunately, some of this rich harvest has been spoiled by sociological and psychological constructs that are not so much ahistorical as historically incomplete. Obsessed by the social and economic status of *who* governed, behaviorist historians have neglected *how* they governed. Repelled by the dehumanizing impact of the assembly line, liberal historians have made the idea of efficiency a synonym for "elitism," no matter how constructive its application to the public sector. Alienated by the WASP establishment's cultural dominance, ethnic historians have even labeled the teaching of hygienic principles to immigrant children a form of "cultural imperialism." More serious, for it bears directly on whether progressives fostered the rise of the corporate state, has been the failure of historians to treat economic regulation in all its complexity.

Most of these matters fall outside the purview of this engrossing book. Professor Crunden, who teaches American Civilization at the University of Texas and is the author of a sensitive biography of the minor novelist and Toledo reformer Brand Whitlock, is more interested in culture, especially religious culture, than economics or politics. Indeed, his lone reference to economic growth is a criticism of Roosevelt for insisting that the Progressive Party acknowledge the need to encourage it. As for politics, he is familiar enough with the revisionists' despair over progressivism's failure to change the social structure to echo their harshest strictures. Only in the "Whiggish sense that the past does evolve into the present" do the earlier efforts of historians to link progressivism to the New Deal and welfare-statism have merit; in the main, "progressivism left later generations with examples of ineffective legislation and superficial analysis." The true legacies of progressivism, he flatly asserts, were in the arts, philosophy, diplomacy, and cultural empathy.

IN CRUNDEN's definition, progressivism was "a climate of creativity" induced by men and women of common cultural heritage, and the locus of its study should be an Erikson-like exploration of the inner lives of its most gifted individuals. How did they achieve their sense of identity? Why did others find them worthy of emulation? How did their private problems become institutionalized into " 'progressive' schools, settlements, laws and works of art?"

Crunden's response is to examine the backgrounds and early careers of twenty-one recognized progressives from a control group of one hundred. A graceful essayist, he gives each of his eight chapters coherence by interweaving pertinent personal relationships and relevant intellectual patterns. Almost all his subjects grew up in devoutly Protestant homes, "often vague in doctrine and theology but strict in morality," between the mid-

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1850s and mid-1870s. Usually the father had been a Free Soiler who became a Republican, and generally both parents revered Lincoln; rarely did Southerners of staunch Confederate commitment produce progressive children. Failing to undergo a religious conversion experience, the typical progressive suffered months or years of self-doubt, psychosomatic illness, and false starts before entering law, politics, journalism, settlement work, or higher education. He or she then invested the chosen field with the "religious and moral significance" that earlier generations had attached to the ministry. As John Dewey declared during his Chicago phase, "What we need in education more than anything else is genuine, not merely marginal faith in the existence of moral principles."

THIS MORAL VISION of evangelical Protestantism produced what Crunden calls a "civil religion of American mission." More exhortatory than programmatic, it looked on populism, socialism, and political progressivism as mere way stations on the road to the ideal society—a "moral democracy" filled with regenerated individuals housed in regenerated institutions. Science, technology, organizational efficiency, and all the other processes of modernization were important only as religious fervor energized them; Jewish and Catholic progressives like Lillian Wald and John Ryan were really urban liberals who should be regarded as "precursors of the social democracy of the New Deal." It was evangelical Protestantism that "provided the chief thrust and defined the perimeters of discourse" of the original progressive ethos. And it was evangelical Protestantism that gave progressivism its strong emphasis on voluntarism and individualism.

Most of these propositions are developed in a prologue and three fascinating chapters that range from philosophy through sociology and document the religious base of Dewey's instrumentalism, rehabilitate the philosopher George Hebert Mead, and expose the shallowness of the Reverend George Herron's Christian Socialism. Dewey looms much the largest. But as Crunden ruefully concedes in a passage that draws its authority from Reinhold Niebuhr, because Dewey failed to understand evil, he formulated principles that functioned only in stable situations. The section culminates in a paean to Hull House, "the great catalyst" to progressive social science. Standing midway between the Protestant churches and the University of Chicago, that extraordinary institution not only enabled Jane Addams to emerge as "a living example of applied Christian thought," it prompted her to guide the emerging social science professoriat toward empirical, scientific data. Without the "inspiration" of Addams and her circle, Crunden concludes, American social science and, by implication, progressivism would have taken a very different course.

Two richly textured chapters on "creative nostalgia" in the arts allow Crunden to distinguish progressive art from the realist, naturalist, and modernist currents that swirled about it. "The most innovative artists," he writes,

> were those who . . . could joyfully pillage the heritage of their families and use it to forge new styles. They remained believers in progress, demanded social reform, and stressed environmental determinism over biological determinism. Yet to call them modernist is wrong. . . . A Darwinian artist sought to depict society; a progressive wanted to reform it; a modernist preferred to ignore it.

Crunden works out much of this in sharply etched vignettes of the principal members of "The Ashcan School" (a term he deems cheapening); four largely forgotten novelists; and three minor poets, Edgar Lee Masters of the first progressive generation and Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg of the second. Not all these men quite fit the original categories. Robert Henri was the Southern-born son of a professional gambler, Sandburg came from a working-class Swedish immigrant home, and Masters shared his Democratic father's animosity toward Lincoln. Nonetheless, most were full of new political ideas and nostalgia for the moral certainties of their youth, and some crafted works that were acclaimed for a generation or longer. Yet none left much of permanent value. Their nostalgia was too strong, their imaginative powers too weak.

ONLY IN THE closeted genius of Charles Ives and the raging lifeforce of Frank Lloyd Wright did innovation and nostalgia fuse to create art of enduring merit. Both men were moralists, and both were programmatic. Ives's compositions were "always about something," usually an ideal; even his innovations of form were more redolent of nostalgia than of pure experimentation. Wright, of course, was a colossus, though Crunden overestimates his influence.

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(Designer of "Fallingwater" and prophet of suburban sprawl, he "probably deserves more credit, *and more blame*, for what America looks like than any single figure in American history.") Never mind. The critical point is that the religious and literary culture that shaped Ives and Dewey also formed Wright. In Crunden's words, "The moralism that related successful building to its site and function was essentially the same moralism that related a successful idea to the solving of a democratic social problem."

That statement carries *Ministers of Reform* to a premature climax. The three closing essays on "Muckrakers," the "Bull Moose" convention of 1912, and Woodrow Wilson's "Presbyterian" foreign policy are too episodic and impressionistic to delineate the progressives' intellectual development or measure their political achievement. Contrary to their tenuous findings, recent works by John W. Chambers and Richard L. McCormick among others reaffirm that the progressives produced a vast literature against laissez-faire. In fact, an ordered linear exposition would have shown that their attachment to voluntarism became increasingly nominal and their commitment to interventionism increasingly real as the period advanced. Whatever its long-range consequences, the irreversible transformation of government from a relatively inactive entity to a progressively interventionist agency was a surpassing achievement. And so, just as emphatically, was the progressives' formulation of the intellectual rationale for much of the modern welfare state, including Social Security, unemployment insurance, public works, and medical care. "Whiggish" though the notion surely is, one cannot resist suggesting that the New Deal left such a dearth of social and political thought partly because its policies reflected values, concepts, and theories already in the public realm—put there by progressive settlement workers and social scientists.

WILLIAM H. HARBAUGH

William H. Harbaugh teaches history at the University of Virginia. He is a biographer of Theodore Roosevelt.

THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY

The Moons of Jupiter: Stories by Alice Munro

(Knopf, 233 pp., $12.95)

Things to Come and Go: Three Stories by Bette Howland

(Knopf, 164 pp., $11.95)

"Connection. That was what it was all about. . . . A connection with the real, and prodigal, and dangerous, world." That is what Alice Munro's protagonists yearn for throughout their girlhoods in remote Canadian towns. Not Bette Howland's characters: raised in decaying Chicago, they know the real world up close and they don't find it thrilling at all. It's threatening—all too prodigal and dangerous. Both of these accomplished writers, however, share a common underlying conviction: that location is a large part of destiny. With passion and precision, Munro and Howland have not only explored female psyches in their short stories; they have also mapped corners of Canada and Chicago, opening them up to insiders and outsiders alike.

Jubilee, Tuppertown, Hanratty, and now Dalgleish: those Canadian outposts, with names as rag-tag as their looks, have been Alice Munro's inspiration for more than a decade. Like the towns during their livelier spells and her characters nearly all the time, Munro's prose is unvarnished and vigorous. Listen, for example, as she introduces a phalanx of female relatives in the remarkable opening story in *The Moons of Jupiter*, called "Chaddeleys and Flemings," almost a novel in miniature:

> Maiden ladies, they were called. Old maids was too thin a term, it would not cover them. Their bosoms were heavy and intimidating—a single, armored bundle—and their stomachs and behinds full and corseted as those of any married woman. In those days it seemed to be the thing for women's bodies to swell and ripen to a good size twenty, if they were getting anything out of life at all; then, according to class and aspirations, they would either sag and loosen, go wobbly as custard under pale print dresses and damp aprons, or be girded into shapes whose firm curves and proud slopes had nothing to do with sex, everything to do with rights and power.

With a sure rhythmic sense, she builds from the clipped first sentences to the long last sentence, its clauses as firmly balanced as the ladies themselves. Her words, too, are carefully weighed, yet her tone throughout is disarmingly colloquial. Boldly drawn, Munro's stories are like busy scenes in a larger novelistic landscape: scrubby Depression-era countryside and high-spirited heroines in the foreground, contemporary world beyond.

The best stories in *The Moons of Jupiter*, as in her previous collection, *The Beggar Maid*, draw from the provincial foreground, where her imagination is amplified by memory. It's there that the resilient souls of her heroines are nourished on the conviction that "connection"—not only with prodigal and dangerous places but also with a frugal and protected realm nearby—"was what it was all about." The narrator of the first story has been spellbound in her youth both by those well-buttressed lady cousins

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who descend upon Dalgleish, "billowing" with worldliness, and also by a set of agonizingly shy spinster aunts on her father's side who cringe from all contact. Later in life, arrived in the city and attached to a well-bred man, she has been mortified by her loud cousins and alienated from her aunts. But later still, alone now, she is once again anchored by these inherited connections:

> Now, I can only say, my father's sisters scrubbed the floor with lye, they stooked the oats and milked the cows by hand. . . . My mother's cousins behaved in another way; they dressed up and took pictures of each other; they sallied forth. However they behaved they are all dead. I carry something of them around in me.

These provincial memories are missing from Munro's less striking stories—those set in contemporary Canadian cities where bonds, above all between men and women, are forever coming loose. Even without that past to inspire them, however, her characters keep boldly striving to "connect the prose and the passion." And when "misery and disarray" prevail, as they do in "Bardon Bus," Munro's women don't lose heart. On the contrary, the narrator of that story is oddly uplifted in the unhappy aftermath of a love affair:

> There's a queer kind of pleasure in it, not a self-wounding or malicious pleasure, nothing personal at all. It's an uncalled-for pleasure in seeing how the design wouldn't fit and the structure wouldn't stand, a pleasure in taking into account, all over again, everything that is contradictory and persistent and unaccommodating about life.

To crave connection with a wide world, Munro knows, is to court disorder and contradiction: a double-edged truth that challenges her characters' lives and inspires her art.

Bette Howland's characters don't sally forth so gamely into "this cockeyed world," as some of them call it. Old Mrs. Cheatham, for example, a black babysitter in "The Old Wheeze," the second of three stories in *Things to Come and Go*, "felt safe enough behind her own door, with its bolts and chains, but she dreaded the times of coming and going." In prose patched together from ragged sentences and plots assembled out of disjointed scenes, Howland depicts a city and characters in danger of crumbling. Mrs. Cheatham's employer, Sydney, an anxious young divorcée, "wondered about other people's lives and felt that her life was no life at all." For her small son, "missing [his mother] was his life"—a shadowy, fearful one. Even Sydney's burly lover Leo is reduced to "a small quivering child" by the fear that an assailant lurks in the pitch-black stairwell of Mrs. Cheatham's apartment building. A tenuous entourage, these four don't quite dare rely on one another, and they certainly don't trust the sinister city outside:

> Winter. The worst humiliation of all. The cold, the icy streets, the early dark. The blasts in the face. The sneak thief, the mugger in the hall, the knife in the ribs. Winter.

Fuller family life, the subject of the other two stories, offers only the flimsiest of refuges. The adolescent narrator of the opening story, "Birds of a Feather," is bewildered by her flock of Russian Jewish relatives—"the big brassy yak-yakking Abarbanels," her mother calls them. To the narrator, they seem barbarous: she's awed by their hairiness, confused by their behavior—never sure "if it meant they were mad at each other and about to start throwing dishes, or just having a good time."

Watchful yet aloof, Howland's narrator is an unsettling observer. Throughout a series of high-decibel dramas, she registers everything, down to the rawest details. But she rarely records the depths of her own reactions. She is unresponsive even when her long lost Uncle Daniel arrives ("He Was Over There. In the War. He's seen terrible things," her mother says), even when her boyfriend Donny urges sex (" 'You mean *that*?' I said. '*There*? *That*'ll never fit there.' "). In the last story, "The Life You Gave Me," the narrator is similarly slow to make sense of her past and present—certainly compared to the astute characters in *The Moons of Jupiter*. Different places, these two collections suggest, inspire different habits of perception. As Alice Munro knows, life in the provinces is deadly without imagination. Survival in the knife-in-the-ribs city, by contrast, requires a well-guarded heart and head. Fear and confusion close at hand, Bette Howland's Chicagoans depend on vigilance rather than vision.

ANN HULBERT

ONE MAN'S MISSION

Schindler's List
by Thomas Keneally

(Simon and Schuster, 398 pp., $17.95)

Herr Oskar Schindler, a Sudenten German, loved the good life—cars, clothes, women, schnapps. He had a BMW and Mercedes. He dressed well. He drank frequently and often too much. He had a wife—also several mistresses and many liaisons. He came into Poland just behind the victorious Nazi armies and established a factory in Cracow where he grew wealthy on Wehrmacht contracts. His employees were slave laborers—Polish Jews designated to make a temporary contribution to the Third Reich before being finally designated to the ovens at Auschwitz.

Herr Oskar Schindler, the same Sudenten German, is also buried in Jerusalem. His papers are in the Holocaust museum at Yad Vashem. Tel Aviv has honored him and he has been declared a Righteous Person—a Gentile who fought Nazi barbarism on behalf of Jews. In Schindler's case, the Jews were the approximately 1,400 persons who worked for him during the war. He saved their lives.

He was the most unlikely of saviors. He was not religious, nor moral or ethical in any conventional sense—not particularly outraged by the Third Reich's initial policies toward Jews. He saw them stripped of their citizenship, prohibited from practicing their occupations, defiled, debased, and humiliated, but it was not until they were forced into ghettos, worked (often to death) as slaves, randomly and then systematically murdered, that he made any protest. And then his protest took a most peculiar form. By chicanery, bribery, and what can only be called outright chutzpah, he managed to make his factory workforce *Gentilefrei*.

Schindler established a relative paradise for some 1,400 Jews in the Cracow industrial district. There they were not

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beaten. There no random executions could occur. There they were not starved and there even the SS was forbidden to enter. But even that was not enough for Schindler. To save his Jews, he constructed dormitories for them and got most transferred out of the ghetto and into his factory. Even at night they were safe.

At the end of the war, Schindler and his wife (who by then had joined him) changed into prison garb and, escorted by their former prisoners, made their way toward the American lines. The situation was both chaotic and perilous. The Germans were retreating. The Americans and the Russians were advancing. Partisans were operating in the forests—some of them as hostile to Jews as the retreating Germans. Schindler, in his prison garb, was armed with nothing but his usual combination of charm and wile—and a letter in Hebrew attesting to his special status. His party ran into an American patrol. In a half-hour, a group of Jewish soldiers and a chaplain appeared. Schindler presented his Hebrew letter. The chaplain read it and wept.

That, briefly, is the story of Oskar Schindler. It is told in a gripping, novelistic fashion by Thomas Keneally, an Australian-born playwright and novelist who happened upon the tale while in a Beverly Hills store owned by one of those Schindler saved. Intrigued, Keneally set out to do the sort of research that a book of this nature requires. He seems to have talked to all the requisite people, read all the documents—and then written something of a novel.

As a result, controversy has dogged him. The British, who take these things very seriously, awarded the book the Brooker prize. It's given for fiction. This outraged Keneally, who maintains that his work is anything but fiction—the truth and nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, he acknowledges in the book's preface that he used "the texture and devices of a novel to tell a true story . . . ," sometimes making "reasonable constructs of conversations of which Oskar and others have only left the briefest record."

The result, though, is a deeply moving, highly readable book, but one that obliges the reader to play editor. From time to time, you are forced to ask yourself "But, how does he know?" only to be forced to answer, "He doesn't." Mostly, the questions arise early in the book when Keneally's approach is still somewhat discomforting. After that, you are drawn into the tale and all questions—especially because they never arise over important matters—fall by the wayside.

In fact, in important matters, when Keneally doesn't know, he says he doesn't. And one of the most important of these matters—maybe *the* most important—is why Schindler did what he did. The best explanation we get is that one day he has witnessed an *Aktion* in the ghetto. Out horseback riding one day while accompanied by his mistress, he had witnessed the SS rout ghetto residents from their homes. Some were shot on the spot, but what really seemed to trouble Schindler was that the killings were conducted in full view of the others: "Later in the day, after he had absorbed a ration of brandy, Oskar understood the proposition in its clearest terms. They permitted witnesses . . . because they believed the witnesses would perish too."

Yes. Clearly that was why the SS did not care about Jewish witnesses. But whether Schindler realized that after a brandy on the very afternoon of the *Aktion* is an assertion that goes completely undocumented. Unfortunately, it is all there is to explain Schindler's behavior. There is no other evidence.

It is ironic that we have to ask why someone chose to do the right thing instead of asking the question the other way around. Maybe this means that we have all but accepted the explanation that everyone was either following orders or ignorant of what was happening. Or, worse yet, maybe we have accepted what has to be the legacy of the Holocaust itself—that evil is the rule.

It's possible, of course, that the Jews became as much a raison d'être for Schindler as they became for the Nazis. They provided him with a reason for living, a purpose, only his purpose was to save them while the aim of others of his countrymen was to kill them. As a cynic, lacking religious conviction and urgent nationalism, Schindler could not identify with either the nationalistic or the racial aims of Nazism. In fact, those very characteristics might have led him to identify with outsiders like himself—Jews.

Whatever his reasons, he did what he did and it is probably to Keneally's credit that he does not dwell on explanations. Schindler is neither used as an example of all good men nor as an historical asterisk from which to hang the heavy cloak of the Holocaust. Instead, Keneally sticks to the story of one man, but in so doing he just might have explained why Schindler did what he did. Certainly, his prisoners knew. Just before liberation, they gave him a ring made from the gold of a prisoner's bridgework. It bore an inscription, a piece of Talmudic wisdom a Jewish prisoner had quoted to Schindler back in 1939: "He who saves a single life, saves the world entire."

RICHARD COHEN

Richard Cohen is a columnist for The Washington Post.

BRIEF REVIEW

Force and Statecraft: Diplomatic Problems of Our Time by Gordon A. Craig and Alexander L. George

(Oxford University Press, 288 pp., $19.95)

So useful a book should not pass without comment. The authors—an eminent historian of Europe and a political scientist—have produced a concise history of great power diplomacy since 1600 combined with a section of essays on such key topics in contemporary international politics as détente, deterrence, and crisis management. Based on a course the authors have given at Stanford, and replete with bibliographic essays at the end of each chapter, *Force and Statecraft* is clearly intended as a textbook; at the same time, the general reader can enjoy the ease of its erudition, the aptness of its quotations, and the clarity of its discussions. Given the modest salaries of even senior professors and the gross unlikelihood of making money by writing nothing but scholarly books, this book, along with similar works, such as the two economics textbooks of Robert Heilbroner and Lester Thurow, will very likely have imitators. The intellectually despised textbook may in this way become the vehicle for the preservation and dissemination of the teaching voice of irreplaceable scholars. With college tuitions already prohibitively high and climbing, such books allow many of us to profit from tutelage otherwise costly beyond the dreams of avarice.

JACK BEATTY

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

once you start excluding people in a large coalition, where do you draw the line? If you exclude Communists, shouldn't you also exclude the Trotskyist groups, who similarly believe that the U.S. bears sole responsibility for the arms race? And then, to be consistent, shouldn't you also apply the bilateralist means test to individuals regardless of political affiliation? And then, perhaps, to people who bring in other radical and/or extraneous demands, like Puerto Rican independence?

I don't want to caricature Radosh's argument. I would like to believe that there's a safe and simple way to separate Stalinist sheep from democratic left goats. In membership organizations, like S.D.S., I think it can and should be done. But in large coalitions, like the freeze movement, exclusionary policies could be divisive, and run the risk of getting out of hand. SANE's internal purge in the early 1960s may have pleased Senator Dodd, but it didn't do much to advance the disarmament cause. The freeze movement doesn't have to throw out a few Communists to prove its independence: it only needs to remain committed to bilateral nuclear arms reduction.

MAURICE ISSERMAN
Smith College
Northampton, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Ronald Radosh's article raises some interesting questions. There are many within the antinuclear movement who are not sure how to approach the Council. But Radosh runs into some rough water himself. He unfurls the ugly banner of Comsymp and fellow traveler, and does so without much supporting evidence. Sitting in judgment of Jeremiah Denton, he finds the Senator wrong (as did most observers and commentators) in calling the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and Women's Strike for Peace Soviet fronts.

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But Radosh then proceeds to describe the unnamed leaders of these groups as "unfailing fellow travelers," a description loaded with meaning but short on specifics. His one piece of proof: W.L.L.P.F. advertisements in a U.S. Peace Council brochure. There are enough shrill accusations of McCarthyism being set off these days (on both the left and right) that I am hesitant to add my own cry. But it seems that accurate fellow-traveler baiting (if there can be said to be such a thing) requires more documentation than merely the word of Radosh.

Kicking the Commies out of the peace movement may sound good to some, but it is problematic. Does Radosh suggest that the movement institute a loyalty oath? Once the movement expels the U.S. Peace Council, should it stop there or go after the "fellow travelers" Radosh also distrusts? Where would he have the movement draw the line?

One of the most valuable assets of the freeze movement is its wide range of political support. At the movement's core is a desire for sanity that transcends many political disagreements. Once you begin to close the door to some, how do you stop? True, movement activists should always be critical in examining motives and understand that a degree of cynicism is indeed healthy. But it would be counterproductive for the movement to worry about policing itself.

For most movement activists there is little love lost for the Soviet Union. There is no reason to worry that the Soviets, via any front group, will be able to nudge the movement toward an anti-America stance. The installation of a loyalty oath would shatter the democratic and open nature of the peace movement and detract from its efforts. I do not feel comfortable marching alongside a group that is tied to Soviet officialdom. Yet I would feel more uncomfortable not allowing it to march. Of course, let the peace movement not be used by any entity—whether it be a foreign country or a political candidate. Instead, let the movement accept its own support from all quarters and push on under its own strength.

DAVID CORN
Nuclear Times
New York, New York

Ronald Radosh replies:

My critics on both the extreme right and left seem to agree that there is no distinction between Red-baiting and anti-Communism. Thus John Rees tries to prove that my article reinforces his attempts to smear the nuclear freeze movement, and Michael Myerson describes me as a newly born McCarthyite.

Mr. Rees ignores the evidence I presented, which reveals that major peace leaders and organizations have rejected the crude overtures of pro-Soviet (peace) groups. He quotes Edward J. O'Malley of the F.B.I., but omits his conclusion that the large turnout at the June 12 rally could not be attributed to the U.S.P.C., and that pro-Soviet elements had no "significant impact on U.S. decision-makers." As Representative Edward P. Boland of the House Select Committee on Intelligence concluded, "Soviet agents have had no significant influence on the nuclear freeze movement."

Like Mr. Rees, Mr. Myerson wishes this was not the case. He seeks to imply that the influence of his group, the U.S.P.C., is greater than it actually is. His letter, however, is actually evidence for my main point. Despite his protestations that the U.S.P.C. favors a mutual, verifiable freeze, he and the C.P.U.S.A. argue that it is only "the Reagan Administration, not the Soviet Union, that threatens the survival of humanity." (That point was made by one of his comrades, Bruce Kimmel, a Communist member of the June 12 Rally Committee, in an article in the January 14 *Wall Street Journal*.)

The peace movement, on the other hand, understands that it is I.C.B.M.s of both sides that threaten humanity's survival. The Communists really favor unilateral American disarmament, which is why they fail to even address themselves to the existence of Soviet missiles in their own propaganda.

How then to deal with them? Both Maurice Isserman and David Corn raise serious problems that have no easy answers. Isserman is correct when he points out that it is not undemocratic for organizations to exclude Communists from policymaking and staff positions—they are only being responsible. Red-baiters, on the other hand, try to prevent them from forming their own groups and movements. It is not McCarthyism, despite Mr. Myerson's diatribe, to reject his group and its politics. Mr. Corn has a point. Let the Communists march in demonstrations whose agenda is set by others—both seeking a serious movement toward arms control. But should this movement allow them to influence policy, it will only give the Reagan Administration, and its allies like John Rees, an excuse with which to discredit the entire antinuclear movement.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Reds and Feds

NOT LONG AGO I received a letter from Zhores Medvedev, the Russian biologist now living in London, in which he told me that his brother Roy—author of *Let History Judge, On Socialist Democracy,* and many other works—is again being harassed by officials in Moscow. However, Zhores added in his characteristically dry manner, "Roy has no inhibitions." A few days later, the morning papers supplied the details: Medvedev was called for one of those "educational" meetings with Soviet police authorities, who warned him that unless he ceased composing "political lampoons" and providing Western journalists with information on Yuri Andropov, he would find himself in jail. Medvedev replied that they might as well "put handcuffs" on him right away. Then he invited a number of Western reporters to his apartment, and told them of the latest attempt to intimidate him. In addition, he released a statement defending the right of a historian, in a country "where a vast number of political and felonious crimes in recent years have been committed by the people in power," to act not only as a "chronicler," but also "as an investigator and judge." "I am little troubled," he concluded, "as to the value attached to my work by the prosecutor or the K.G.B. Any honest and independent historian should be concerned with only one thing: the search for the truth."

I DON'T KNOW what fate has in store for Roy Medvedev, but at the very least one would hope that his latest display of courage will finally put to rest all those rumors spread by right-wing Russian émigrés about his sinister connections with the Soviet *apparat*. Medvedev's self-declared devotion to the ideas of Marx has long rankled those who believe that Soviet Communism sprang full-blown from the writings of that nineteenth-century German philosopher, and that anyone who thinks otherwise is either a fool or a knave—most likely the latter. Several years ago a Russian writer accused Medvedev, in the pages of the Paris Russian daily, of being a purveyor of "disinformation," a "slanderer," and an informer to boot. About the same time, I met Vladimir Maximov, the editor of the émigré quarterly *Kontinent*, a man whose admiration for Pinochet is as ardent as his hatred of any left-of-center intellectual, Russian or Western. "I have some documents," he told me, "proving that Medvedev is an agent of the K.G.B." When I asked to see those documents, he demurred. Why is it that those with a penchant for hurling extravagant charges are always loath to substantiate them? How many "card-carrying" Communists, according to Joe McCarthy, were concealed within the walls of the State Department: 202, 55, 1? The figures kept changing, but the damning "documents" were never forthcoming. The same goes for Medvedev's detractors. Neither facts nor logic will daunt them. I remember a Russian worthy, with a cushy job in the U.S. Information Agency, who in the mid-1960s told everyone within sight that Andrei Amalrik, the famous Soviet dissident, was a "K.G.B. agent." How else to explain the fact that the Soviet authorities had not bothered to arrest him? When they finally did, I asked him what he thought of it. "Clever, those bastards," he said. Will Maximov, and those in the West who have swallowed his allegations about Medvedev, now withdraw them? Or will they wait until he is hauled off to prison?

ONE OF THE many claims made by Midge Decter in her recent attack in *Commentary* on Irving Howe was that McCarthyism was finished by the early 1950s. I know differently, having had to contend with this blend of political primitivism, vindictiveness, and paranoia for the nearly twenty years that I edited the U.S.I.A. journal *Problems of Communism*. Once—it must have been around 1953—the agency was instructed not to mention the names of Marx, Lenin, or Stalin in any of its publications, on grounds that to do so would provide the fathers of the Soviet state with undue publicity. I threatened to resign, but luckily this was just a bizarre episode, and the instruction was mercifully forgotten. Far more insidious was the ruling that all contributors to the journal—most of whom were and are distinguished scholars—had to be "security cleared" before their writings appeared in print. Of course no one was to know about it, and I was so embarrassed and appalled by this ruling that I could not bring myself to tell my contributors that the flatfeet were on their tail. I consoled myself with the knowledge that the decisions about the contents of the journal were mine. Nevertheless, I kept raging, and was finally told that I could commission a single piece from anyone I pleased, provided there was no "seriously incriminating evidence" on him—or her—in the files; the use of any author more than once, however, was conditioned on a full-scale clearance. To sweeten the pill, my direct superior of the moment could overrule the recommendations of the "boys over at security." On one occasion I stormed into the office of my division chief, demanding to know why the Harvard historian H. Stuart Hughes could not appear in the pages of *Problems of Communism*. I was shown the file, the first and only time this happened. "Source X" (I quote from memory) "reports that his colleague attended a meeting at which Hughes praised the Soviet Union." Another time I was told that I could not use James T. Farrell, author of *Studs Lonigan,* because of his erstwhile Trotskyite connections. As time went on, a more relaxed view prevailed, but the ruling remained and was dutifully adhered to. I am informed that it was rescinded in 1977—twenty years after McCarthy's death.

I MET ROY MEDVEDEV in 1975, and we chatted amiably for several hours in his small, book-lined study. In subsequent years I reviewed some of his works for various publications. His Marxist views, which I do not share, never gave me much pause: the contention (especially when meticulously documented) that Soviet reality differs markedly from the Marxist vision is not only one that the Soviet leaders have found difficult to deal with (which, as Medvedev told me, may be one of the reasons, along with the prestige he enjoys in European left-wing circles, why they have been reluctant to arrest him); it has also produced far more lethal indictments of the Soviet system than the writings of many dissidents abroad. I have often thought of this man, vilified by his critics in the West, and now threatened by the thugs of the K.G.B. As his brother so aptly put it, he has "no inhibitions." Unhappily, neither do his enemies.

A.B.

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Government-Speak

In 1828 Noah Webster published what he called an "*American* Dictionary of the English Language" because he knew that the United States was changing forever the way English was spoken. George Bernard Shaw observed nearly a century later that England and America were two nations divided by the same language.

Developing a common way of speaking in America helped unite the country. Recent developments threaten to divide it. Increasingly, Americans in one part of the country are speaking differently from everyone else. It's not a different language they're speaking, really, as much as a patois that parodies language. It flowers in Washington, D.C. It's called *governmentese.*

Governmentese has a lexicon of acronyms and jargon that seeks to rob words of their meaning as well as meaning from words. Some words in governmentese mean things you'd never dream of; other times they mean nothing at all.

It's a language that speaks in euphemisms, uses "impact" as a verb, and favors the passive voice to avoid fixing responsibility. Its gospel is the Federal Register, and its disciples tend to work in the federal government. They seek "measurable end products" they can "prioritize" and then "effectuate." It's not George Orwell's "newspeak" as much as ol'fashioned double talk. Gibberish, garble, and gobbledygook are to governmentese what conciseness, clarity, and crispness are to conventional speech.

In governmentese, people do not talk or write. They "communicate." Instead of meeting, they "interface." A tax increase in governmentese is "revenue enhancement." There is no "future" in this peculiar parlance. There are "out years."

A few years ago the rest of the country spoke of gas rationing. Not in Washington. There it was called "end use allocation." It's impossible in governmentese to make a mistake. But people have "misspoken" on occasion.

If there were such a thing as a governmentese glossary we would find in it that Cuban refugees are "entrants: status pending;" illegal aliens are "undocumented workers;" and teenagers are "unemancipated minors." If you were developing a budget in governmentese and wanted to kill a project, you would "zero fund the program."

A Cabinet Secretary recently explained how the elderly could benefit from "behavioral and life-style modifications within individual control." Perhaps we all could benefit—if we knew what it meant!

If there were such a thing as a Lewis Carroll award for bafflegab in language, it would have to go to "national species of special emphasis." Endangered species are threatened with extinction and therefore protected by law from being killed. "National species of special emphasis" are endangered species you can kill legally.

Such words govern the nation. A language once filled with vigor and gusto is being wrestled to the ground by peddlers of jabberwocky.

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